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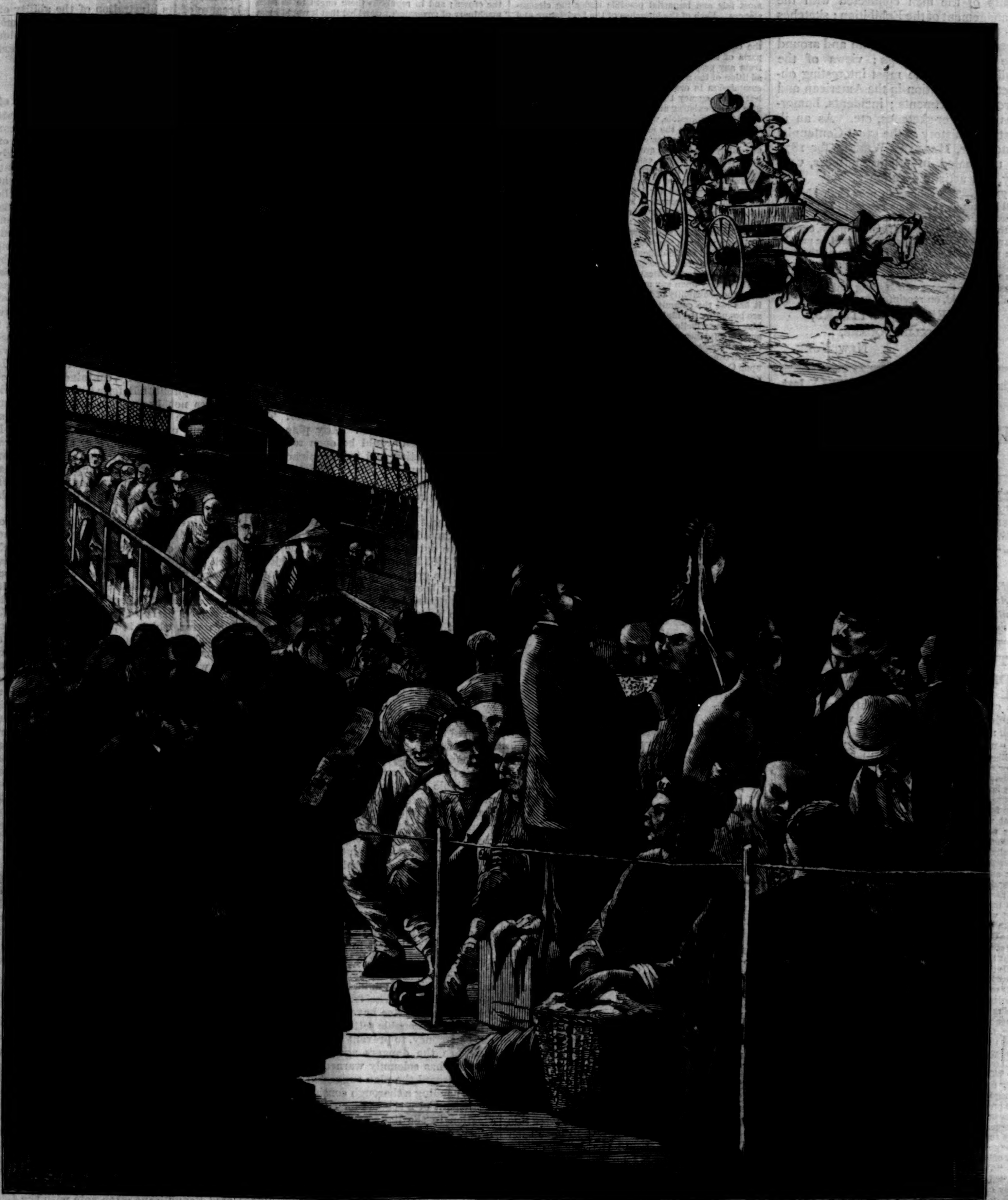

CHINESE IMMIGRANTS AT THE SAN FRANCISCO CUSTOM-HOUSE.—[See Page 91.]

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

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THE PLAN OF SETTLEMENT.

THE following is the report of the committees of the two Houses upon a method of counting the Presidential vote. The subject is so important that we print it in full:

"We have applied the utmost practicable study and deliberation to the subject, and believe that the bill now reported is the best attainable disposition of the different problems and disputed theories arising out of the late election. It must be obvious to every person conversant with the history of the country and with the formation and interpretation of the Constitution, that wide diversity of views and opinions touching the subject, not wholly coincident with the biased wishes of the members of political parties, would naturally exist. We have in this state of affairs chosen, therefore, not to deal with abstract questions save so far as they are necessarily involved in the legislation proposed. It is, of course, plain that the report of the bill implies that in our opinion legislation may be had on the subject in accordance with the Constitution; but we think that the law proposed is inconsistent with a few of the principal theories upon the subject. The Constitution requires that the electoral votes shall be counted upon a particular occasion. All will agree that the votes named in the Constitution are the constitutional votes of the States and no other, and when they have been found and identified, there is nothing left to be disputed or decided. All the rest is the mere clerical work of summing up the numbers, which being done, the Constitution itself declares the consequences. This bill, then, is only directed to ascertaining, for the purpose and in aid of the counting, what are the constitutional votes of the respective States; and whatever jurisdiction exists for such purposes, the bill only regulates the method of exercising it.

"The Constitution, our great instrument and security for liberty and order, speaks in the amplest language for all such cases in whatever aspect they may be presented. It declares that the Congress shall have power 'to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof.'

"The committee, therefore, think that the law proposed can not be justly assailed as unconstitutional by any one. For this reason we think it unnecessary, whatever may be our own individual views, to discuss any of the theories referred to. Our fidelity to the Constitution is observed when we find that the law we recommend is consistent with that instrument. The matter, then, being a proper subject for legislation, the fitness of the means proposed becomes the next subject of consideration. Upon this we beg leave to submit a few brief observations. In all just governments, both public and private rights must be defined and determined by the law. This is essential to the very idea of such a government, and is the characteristic distinction between free and despotic systems. However important it may be whether one citizen or another shall be the Chief Magistrate for a period prescribed, upon just theories of civil institutions it is of far greater moment that the will of the people lawfully expressed in the choice of that officer shall be ascertained and carried into effect in a lawful way. It is true that in every operation of a government of laws, from the most trivial to the most important, there will always be the possibility that the result reached will not be the true one. The executive officer may not wisely perform his duty, the courts may not truly declare the law, and the legislative body may not enact the best laws. But in either case to resist the act of the Executive, the courts, or the Legislature, acting constitutionally and lawfully within their sphere, would be to set up anarchy in the place of government. We think, then, that to provide a clear and lawful means of performing a great and necessary function of government in a time of such public dispute is of far greater importance than the particular advantage that any man or party may in the course of events possibly obtain. But we have still endeavored to provide such lawful agencies of decision in the present case as shall be the most fair and impartial possible under the circumstances. Each of the branches of the Legislature and the Judiciary are represented in the tribunal in equal proportions. The composition of the judicial part of the commission looks to a selection from different parts of the republic, while it is thought to be free from any preponderance of supposable bias, and the addition of the necessary constituent part of the whole commission in order to obtain an uneven number is left to an agency the farthest removed from prejudice of any existing attainable one. It would be difficult, if not impossible, we think, to establish a tribunal that could be less the subject of party criticism than such a one. The principle of its constitution is so absolutely fair that we are unable to perceive how the most extreme partisan can assail it, unless he wishes to embark upon the stormy sea of unregulated procedure, hot disputes, and dangerous results that can neither be measured nor defined, rather than upon the fixed and regular course of law that insures peace and the order of society, whatever party may be disappointed in its hopes.

"The unfortunate circumstance that no provision had been made on the subject before the election has greatly added to the difficulty in dealing with it, inasmuch as many of the people of the country, members of the respective political parties, will, perhaps, look with jealousy upon any measure that seems to involve even the probability of the defeat of their wishes, but it has led the committee to feel that their members are bound by the highest duty in such a case to let no bias or party feeling stand in the way of a just, equal, and peaceful measure for extricating the question from the embarrassments that at present surround it.

"In conclusion, we respectfully beg leave to impress upon Congress the necessity of a speedy determination upon this subject. It is impossible to estimate the material loss the country daily sustains from the existing state of uncertainty. It directly and powerfully tends to unsettle and paralyze business, to weaken public and private credit, and to create apprehensions in the minds of the people that disturb the peaceful tenor of their ways and happiness. It does far more—it tends to bring republican institutions into discredit, and to create doubts of the success of our form of government and of the perpetuity of the republic. All considerations of interest, of patriotism, and of justice unite in demanding of the law-making power a measure that will bring peace and prosperity to the country, and show that our republican institutions are equal to any emergency. And in this connection we can not refrain from expression of our satisfaction that your committee, composed of equal numbers of opposing parties, have fortunately been able to do what has been attempted in vain heretofore—almost unanimously agree upon a plan considered by them all to be just, wise, and efficient.

"We accordingly recommend the proposed act to the patriotic and just judgment of Congress.

"GEORGE F. EDMUNDS,
FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN,
ROSCOE CONKLING,
A. G. THURMAN,
T. F. BAYARD,
M. W. RANSOM,
Senate Committee.

"H. B. PAYNE,
EPPA HUNTON,
ABRAM S. HEWITT,
WILLIAM M. SPRINGER,
GEORGE W. M'CRARY,
GEORGE F. HOAR,
GEORGE WILLARD,
House Committee."

THE REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

THE confidence in the patriotism of Congress which we expressed last week has certainly been fully justified, so far as the action of the joint committee of the two Houses is concerned. That action is one of the most significant and gratifying events in our political history, for it proves the power of American legislators in the very heat and crisis of party feeling, and with so great a result as the election of a President pending, to provide a simple, peaceful, and adequate remedy for a difficulty of the most serious and perilous nature. A tranquil settlement of the question that has so absorbingly interested the country for two months would be in its way scarcely less striking and conclusive a vindication of the American system of popular government than the result of the war. The trouble that has always been foreseen, the total want of any proper provision for a doubtful or disputed Presidential election—a rock upon which it has often been asserted that sooner or later this republic would be wrecked—will have been quietly avoided, should the report of the committee be adopted, by the patriotism and self-command of Congress and the country.

The exact situation in which the country has been placed, from which the plan of the committee is a proposed relief, has never been more accurately described than by Senator MORTON in his report of May 28, 1874, upon the method of electing the President and Vice-President. After stating that all irregularities and disorders that may occur at the electoral elections in any of the States are entirely without redress upon the part of the government of the United States, however monstrous and palpable violence or fraud there may have been, Senator MORTON proceeds:

"There is imminent danger of revolution to the nation whenever the result of a Presidential election is to be determined by the vote of a State in which the choice of electors has been irregular, or is alleged to have been carried by fraud or violence, and where there is no method of having these questions examined and settled in advance—where the choice of President depends upon the election in a State which has been publicly characterized by fraud or violence, and in which one party is alleged to have triumphed and secured the certificates of election by chicanery or the fraudulent interposition of courts. Such a President would in advance be shorn of his moral power and authority in his office, would be looked upon as a usurper, and the consequences that would result from such a state of things no man can predict.... It is the part of wisdom in a monarchy to avoid such contingencies, if possible, by settling definitely the rightful descent of the crown; and in republics there ought to be such machinery of government provided that it would seem to be impossible that any man should ever reach the Presidential chair who was not legitimately chosen thereto."

This is the situation with which we are called to deal. Notwithstanding Mr. MORTON'S warning, the Constitution and the laws have provided no such machinery, and in the very face of the emergency, and to avoid any evil consequence, the joint committee of the two Houses have submitted a plan which is already familiar to our readers, and has been approved, as we believe, by the good sense of the country. It may safely be said that it will have the support of most of the wise men of all parties, and that it will be opposed chiefly—certainly not exclusively—by the most desperate and unscrupulous partisans on both sides.

We are glad to say that the plan is in accord with the general views that have been maintained by *Harper's Weekly*. The week after the election, when it became apparent that the trouble foreseen and announced by Senator MORTON and many others, of all parties, would arise, we suggested that if objections were made to a State return, the question might be "referred to a committee of equal numbers from both Houses. They should make a speedy report, and in case of disagreement, they might call in the Chief Justice as arbitrator. The decision should be final. Any plan that could be devised would be open to objection. But friction and inconvenience and compromise would be very much better than any failure to determine." Since that time the position has been taken in both parties that there is really no question whatever; that the most eminent Republicans as well as Democrats in the discussions of 1873 and 1875 were entirely in error; that the Congress of 1800 knew nothing of the subject; that all the great constitutional commentators have been mistaken. Intense Democratic partisans have declared that the Constitution leaves the entire decision with the House of Representatives. Intense Republican partisans have insisted that the Constitution leaves it exclusively to the President of the Senate. To have proceeded upon either of these theories would have been to produce the very situation described by Mr. MORTON. Both of them are the result of construction, not of express constitutional direction, and both have been resolutely maintained. In our own judgment, the regular electoral returns of a State were meant to be final and conclusive. But it is undeniable that the Constitution does not provide for, and unquestionably did not foresee, the kind of contest that has arisen. It seems to us also equally unquestionable that the authority of Congress to object to the electoral votes of States upon various grounds has been conceded by custom. Indeed, the only thing that can not be fairly asserted is that there is no question.

In this situation some kind of tribunal becomes absolutely indispensable, unless the adherents of each of the radically hostile theories are to be left to attempt a settlement, and the country is to take the risk of the result. If there were good reasons for taking the risk, it ought to be taken. But there are none. The true course is to do what the committee have done—to provide a fair and reasonable settlement of the present emergency, to prevent by this impartial reference the dangers against which Mr. MORTON has solemnly warned the country, and to regard the plan suggested as provisional, pending a thorough consideration and settlement of a scheme for the Presidential election in the light of the experience of nearly a century. Such a scheme would at once become a most pressing duty; and the action of the joint committee, the fact that even in the midst of party fury the substantially unanimous presentation of so temperate and judicious an adjustment is possible, is the best augury of a wise and satisfactory project. The final scheme would, of course, be contained in a constitutional amendment. The plan now suggested is a law which would hold until repealed by Congress. The objections to it, so far as they involve such questions as the authority of the two Houses over the electoral vote, and the participation of the judges in the final decision, would be fully considered in maturing a new electoral scheme. The great and conclusive consideration now is that the essential point for the existing emergency—a point which was generally believed to be as unattainable as it was desirable, the point of agreement by the two party committees—has been harmoniously reached. Very able and trustworthy and experienced men of both parties were appointed upon the committees, and the committees have agreed. The two Houses will hardly fail to agree, knowing as they do the universal desire of the great mass of intelligent, industrious, and loyal citizens that they shall agree. And the result of such an agreement would be an incalculable national blessing, not because of the final elevation of this or that man, but because of its illustration of the ability of American Republicans and American Democrats harmoniously to dispose of a situation which imperiled human liberty and progress.

BULLDOZING.

VIEWED from any point, the condition of Louisiana is deplorable. Its chronic state seems to be one of anarchy, and we can easily understand the impatient feeling of those of its citizens who declare frankly their preference for a military government. Two of the most important witnesses who have lately given their testimony upon the situation in Louisiana are General JAMES H. VAN ALEN, of New York, one of the gentlemen who were invited by the President to go to the State and watch the counting of the vote, and Mr. H. V. REDFIELD, the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*—an accomplished, able, and independent man, whose reports from Louisiana are of great value. General VAN ALEN is a "reform" Republican. He is not, however, a politician, and he has frankly denounced the inefficiency and corruption of the civil service in many of the Southern States. In his present testimony, contained in a speech to the Republican Reform Club in New York, he does not hesitate to describe the late Republican administration of Louisiana as "corrupt, unscrupulous, and wasteful. It has paralyzed the industry and commerce of the city of New Orleans. It has rendered almost all property unproductive, has averted immigration, and has prevented the recovery of the Mississippi Valley from the disastrous effects of the civil war."

A witness who can speak thus plainly of an administration of his own party is not likely to look at the situation in a merely partisan spirit; and it is impossible to read General VAN ALEN'S speech without a deep impression of its sincerity and candor. He gives a clear sketch of the situation in the seventeen parishes that were selected for the terror, which is presumptively correct, for such general and satisfactory reasons as we mentioned last week. "In East Feliciana, where in 1874 there was a Republican vote of 1688, only one solitary Republican, white or black, dared to present himself at the polls in November, although the registration gave 2127 black voters in the parish." Lieutenant DAVIS, of the United States army, who was stationed at the county seat of this parish during the campaign, testifies that the terror of the colored voters was absolute. The "face of the returns" in this parish showed one or no vote for HAYES, and 1740 votes for TILDEN. The significance of such facts must be determined by common-sense. That will decide whether, under all the known circumstances in Louisiana, such a result is due to the bulldozing of negroes by each other, to Republican tactics of not voting, in order to create a presumption of bulldozing, or to the intimidation of the negroes by the whites. General VAN ALEN, after carefully hearing and weighing the testimony, declares:

"In my opinion the Returning Board of Louisiana could not have permitted the vote of their State to stand for the Democratic electors, as apparently it did on the face of the returns, without violating the statute by virtue of which they held office, and sanctioning a mass of intimidation and fraud disgraceful to Republican institutions."

Mr. REDFIELD states that he went to Louisiana inclined to think that the Democrats had carried the State by a majority larger than the number of votes they had gained by bulldozing. He was wholly without partisan bias, and the result of his investigation is that, when the election is full, fair, and free, Louisiana is Republican by a majority of ten to eighteen thousand on a national issue, but on a State issue might be honestly carried by the Democrats, because many intelligent and substantial colored Republicans often vote with the Democrats on local and State questions. In the parishes selected for bulldozing, Mr. RED-

FIELD states that there were fully forty Republicans murdered, and that those parishes in which the result gave the TILDEN ticket "the face of the returns," for which Democratic virtue has so lustily demanded "an honest count," were carried for the Democrats "by murder, whippings, intimidation, and a reign of terror." In every parish where there was no intimidation the Republicans gained to that degree that the same percentage of gains in the bulldozed parishes would have carried the State triumphantly for HAYES. But in those five parishes where murder and terror prevailed, and where there is usually a Republican majority of four thousand five hundred, the Democrats made a net gain of about nine thousand, and this gave "the face of the returns" to TILDEN. The Democrats assert threatenings of blacks by other blacks; but no Democrat, white or black, was murdered, while in Ouachita alone the Democratic rifle clubs killed a dozen Republicans in the process of carrying the election. "I doubted," says Mr. REDFIELD, "until I could doubt no longer." In the very parishes where intimidation of black Democrats is alleged, the Democrats made immense gains. But in the parishes where the intimidation of Republicans by hanging and every form of terror is established, the Republican vote fell off enormously. If the Democratic committee can show any such falling off on their side, they will make a fair "set-off," but not otherwise. And, as Mr. REDFIELD says, if the colored Republicans should kill all the colored Democrats in the State, or in the South, the general result would not be affected, because there are so few of them.

Such incontestable facts are sickening and appalling; and the more instances the Democrats can produce on their side, the more repulsive is the story. We do not say that it is surprising. The passions, the ignorance, the barbarism, bred by human slavery are not to be eradicated or their inexorable consequences escaped in a year, or ten years, especially when the power that abolished slavery is represented by a "corrupt, unscrupulous, and wasteful government," which has paralyzed industry and commerce, and rendered property unproductive. Our only amazement is that, with the terrible facts before it, sustained by intrinsic probability and evidence, the Returning Board, as we have heretofore said, should have itself thrown the only existing suspicion upon the election in Louisiana. The law constitutes a Returning Board of five members, one of whom at least shall be of a different party from the others. The plain duty as well as policy of the four Republican members was to fill the Democratic vacancy, and invite the utmost publicity for their proceedings. For the more the truth has appeared in this wretched business of bulldozing, the more outrageous the demand for adhesion to "the face of the returns" is seen to be. It is by such means, in various degrees, as those that have been exposed in Louisiana that "the popular majority" for Mr. TILDEN has been secured. There can be no moral doubt that in Georgia, Mississippi, and other Southern States the colored vote has been effectually suppressed, and the result of the election in such States is really covered with suspicion. For no man who knows the situation can suppose that there was a full, free, and fair election in any of them. Even in Virginia there is in some parts a passive intimidation of organized abuse and insult, not actual maltreatment, which in some instances has driven voters from the State. The Republicans in a very large part of "the South" are regarded and treated very much as anti-slavery men were before the war. Of course, while the feeling from which the treatment springs refrains from violence, it is beyond any but moral influences. But when it breaks into violence, it is to be repressed like all other crime.

But the condition of many parts of Louisiana, as revealed by Senator SHERMAN'S late speech in the Senate, and by the testimony taken since the election, can not be satisfactorily or finally treated by a Returning Board throwing out votes without appeal. The intimidation which is stated by all the authorities we have quoted to prevail in that State is to be remedied, first of all, by showing those who resort to it to defeat a party that the dominance of that party does not threaten them in any way. And this can be accomplished, so far as action out of the State is concerned, only by the appointment of such agents of the general government in the State as command the confidence and respect of all citizens. We know, indeed, that the ill feeling in many parts of "the South" is not due to any conviction of particular maltreatment, but is the legacy of sullen hostility naturally left by the war. But there has also been gross misrule under Republican auspices. And if, as General VAN ALEN asserts, the State administration in Louisiana has been corrupt, unscrupulous, and wasteful, and if the State law apparently connives at the indefinite continuance of such an administration, and the national power is likely to sustain it, then bulldozing, however monstrous, is certainly not surprising in a half-barbarous State. It is, of course, to be suppressed at all hazards. The equal rights of all citizens, white and black, rich and poor, are every where to be maintained by the entire force of the nation if necessary. But the first step of true statesmanship is to deprive bulldozing of all just or plausible pretense of excuse. And that would be the policy foreshadowed in the letter of Governor HAYES. It must not be forgotten by Republicans that a Republican administration in any ex-slave State which has been condemned as that in Louisiana has been by the straitest Republicans, and which is now described by a Republican as corrupt, unscrupulous, and wasteful, does infinite harm to the negro, and while it stimulates bulldozing, inclines the country indignantly to consider it half justifiable.

THE HOUSE AND THE COUNT.

THE Democratic majority of the committee of the House of Representatives to consider the powers of the House in counting the electoral vote is of opinion, in substance, that the House has entire control of the subject. The argument seems to be that Congress is to count the votes, that in the counting both Houses have equal power, and that consequently no vote can be counted without the assent of both. This is merely the twenty-second joint rule, the principle and operation of which have been exposed and condemned by no one more fully and trenchantly than by Senator BAYARD. The enormity of the assumption may be made clear in many ways. The plain constitutional intent is that the regularly certified vote of each State should be counted. The presumption is wholly in favor of the regular certificate. If, however, Congress is to decide whether a regular certificate shall be accepted or rejected, it is obvious that in this view it should not be rejected merely because a question is raised, or because one House is not satisfied, but only when the reasons for rejection are so evident and indisputable that Congress—both Houses—is justified in setting aside the presumption, and depriving a State of its voice in the election. If the power of revision resides in Congress, it does not reside in either House. And the regular legal certificate of a State must be conclusive, unless Congress decides that it ought not to be accepted. To allow one House to reject is as unreasonable as to leave the rejection to the presiding officer of either.

But if the decision should be left to either House, it should certainly not be to the House of Representatives. And for the conclusive reason that the Constitution gives to that body, what it does not give to the Senate, the power of election of the President in a certain contingency. To confer upon that House the power to produce the contingency, and to seize the election into its own hands, is preposterous. To permit the veto of the House alone upon an electoral certificate would provide not only for the possible defeat of the will of the people lawfully expressed, but its defeat by a party which the people might have rejected. It is an expiring House which elects a President. It is almost the last duty which the House called upon to discharge it performs. Its successor has been already elected. That election may have returned by an enormous vote an immense majority of members politically opposed to the majority of the retiring House. But if this retiring House may by a majority throw out electoral votes, it may throw out enough to prevent an election, and force the decision into its own control.

Nothing could be farther than this from the expressed views and action of the framers of the Constitution. The proposition that Congress should elect the President was emphatically rejected, because it was seen that he would be the tool of the Legislature, and the independence of the Executive would be destroyed. Even when, through failure of an election by the electors, the choice fell to the House of Representatives, Mr. MADISON held that it was morally bound to give effect to the evident preference of the majority, if that were evident. The constitutional power of the House, however, to elect any one of the three candidates from whom the choice is to be made is indisputable, and the constitutional title of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is as clear as that of WASHINGTON.

The position of the present Democratic majority of the House is the more remarkable because it is a singular betrayal and abandonment of the Democratic tradition of respect for State rights. If a Democrat could be supposed to favor in any degree the doctrine that Congress could reject the electoral vote of "a sovereign State," it could be done only by the most solemn act of concurrence of the supreme legislature. To suppose that he could approve "the overthrow of a State" by a bare majority of one House, is to suppose him no Democrat at all, but an enraged Federal consolidationist and centralizationist. We can imagine Senators THURMAN and BAYARD looking upon the conduct of the Democratic House as the austere figures of the elder Romans in COUTURE'S famous picture gaze upon the drunken revels of their degenerate descendants. If this Democratic House should decide that it alone has the final and exclusive power in the decision of the pending question, it may make a great deal of mischief, but it can not prevail against the plain intent of the Constitution and the common-sense of the country.

PERSONAL.

SEVERAL times during the last months of his life CHARLES SUMNER predicted that GEORGE F. HOAR would represent Massachusetts in the Senate. His expectation that Mr. HOAR would be his immediate successor was not fulfilled; but his prediction has at last come true. Mr. HOAR'S election will prove acceptable to the whole country. His learning, ability, legislative experience, and high personal character are acknowledged by men of all shades of political opinion; and it is the general feeling that Massachusetts could send no one to the Senate who would represent her more honorably.

—Mr. J. F. GOODRIDGE, a member of the Terra Nova Club of Montreal, sends us the following note: "On reading the remarks accompanying the illustration in your last issue, of 'The Terra Nova Snow-shoe Club, of Montreal,' I, in common with other members of the club referred to, was surprised to find it described as composed of natives of Nova Scotia, the fact being that, as its name implies, the members are all natives or former residents of Newfoundland, and none else are admitted as members." It is proper to add that the data for the article in question were received with the picture from a London contemporary.

—Hon. HENRY M. POLLARD, M.C. from the Tenth Missouri District, is the first graduate of Dartmouth College ever elected to Congress. He graduated in 1857.

—The common notion in reference to the early life of Mr. DISRAELI is that while articled to a lawyer, and compelled to engross documents, he wrote a novel and suddenly became famous. The real truth, as told by EDMUND YATES, is that the resemblance between Mr. DISRAELI, as a boy in a lawyer's office in the City, and the starveling attorney's clerk or apprentice of fiction, is about as close as that which exists between the future partner of a great banking house and the youth who brightens the brass door-plate on which are inscribed the style and title of the firm. The young DISRAELI was bound over to the law for a time, because it was desirable that he should have the chance of adopting a profession. He did not like it, and he threw it up. He devoted himself to study and literature, and long before he had secured personal fame, his name was known, and he enjoyed the opportunity of associating with some of the best known personages of his time. His father, indeed, was what was called a recluse, but he was a generous host, and occasionally he would enjoy the hospitalities of others. Before *Vivian Grey* saw the light, Mr. DISRAELI had the *entrée* of many of the most notable *salons* in London, had abundance of pocket-money, and had made the acquaintance of men to know whom was a distinction. Without his father's reputation and an ample allowance he could never have done this. Of course his personal gifts maintained and increased the family prestige; but Mr. DISRAELI himself, lad as he was, was a figure in society before his fictions had ever seen the light; in other words, he was born to what may be fairly characterized as station, name, and wealth. To these he added genius. When his father died, Mr. DISRAELI, who had already made the lustre of his name his own, succeeded to a patrimony which was comparative wealth, and which meant independence. A young gentleman with a fortune of upward of two thousand a year can not be called a political adventurer in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase. Two years after he had been in Parliament he made a brilliant marriage—a marriage which not merely gave him all he wanted at the time, but which yielded him abundant provision for the future. Thus it is that Mr. DISRAELI, who has been out of office during more than three-fourths of his career, finds himself a peer of the realm, very nearly a millionaire—exclusive of his salary from office—and able, had he heirs, to bequeath to them a fortune quite sufficient to support the dignity of an earldom.

—The Rev. JOSEPH COOK having, in the strict line of duty, asked the question from the pulpit, "What becomes of the wicked?" is answered by a Connecticut man that "they usually practice law for a while, and eventually go to the Legislature."

—Bishop DOANE, of Albany, looks with disfavor on modern church music. He thinks—and is correct in thinking—that it is given over to the hands of men and women who are only musical in a secular sense, and who are used avowedly to draw a multitude of listeners who prefer the kind of music they have learned to love in operas and concert halls. He considers the church music of to-day not only a bill of expense, but a bone of contention which the rectors of parishes are unable to check or control.

—Two prominent Georgians, Mr. NORWOOD, of the Senate, and Mr. HILL, of the House, both of whom are aspirants for the next Senatorship from Georgia, are thus humorously sketched by a Washington correspondent: "Mr. NORWOOD is a tall man of a raw-boned and keen aspect, with light gray eyes, looking out well for a trade or a 'point.' He has the stature and carriage of a man trained to keep his wits by an iron fortune, which he has partly conquered and annexed. A long, Scotchy nose, plentifully colored at the end, as if a vein had burst there, either by natural or untimely ripening, gives him the mingled effect of a good liver and an overseer. He looks as if he might superintend a colossal coal yard or a coal mine, or be the chief forwarding agent of a freight railroad. Yet he is a lawyer. His father was a tanner. He has come up to the Senate by the forces of good business sense, prosperity, and sufficiency; for he is a lawyer, although not much of a lawyer in appearance. His opponent for the Senate, BEN HILL, is a lawyer also. They are both, I believe, of Methodist antecedents; for I see that NORWOOD graduated at Emory College, Georgia. Whenever you see Emory on a man's name or diploma in America, he is in something Methodist. Bishop EMORY was an able Methodist ecclesiastic from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, probably the most pious and unselfish Methodist personality since ASBURY. NORWOOD has lived twenty-five years in Savannah, but came from the western part of the State. HILL is from the northeast, and is seven years NORWOOD'S senior. All the Georgia men were educated at country colleges in their own State. I looked at Senator NORWOOD, and saw the average keen Senator—part gossip, part stump-speaker, and over all the business factor. His dark, coarse hair, wide-flirted gray eye, big bones, and perfect acquaintance with whatever he was trying to do, seemed so natural and yet so provincial that I wondered if we Americans could be exaggerated in our behavior. We are still the peddlers of the world in government. Our legislation is a vast swap. 'How'll you trade?' ought to be on the great seal of the United States, and immediately under it, as a sort of diplomatic corollary, 'Name your pizen!'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, January 15, granted an extension of time to February 15 for the Silver Committee to present its report. An attempt was made by the Democrats in the House, on the 15th, to pass a resolution inquiring what concessions granted to the Western Union Telegraph Company are revokable by Congress, and to inquire into the expediency of revoking the same, because of the refusal of officers of the company to answer the questions of the House. The motion failed of the required two-thirds vote. President Orton, of the Western-Union Telegraph Company, appeared before the House, in answer to a summons, and was remanded to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. A motion was made in the House, on the 15th, to suspend the rules and pass a bill prohibiting the presence of more than 500 infantry, a company of cavalry, and a battery of artillery within the District of Columbia during the sessions of Congress, and these only to guard public property, and not to be brought within half a mile of the Capitol. The measure failed of the necessary two-thirds vote, but received a majority of two.—The Senate Finance Committee, on the 16th, reported a bill authorizing the coining of the standard silver dollar, and restoring its legal-tender character. It proposes redemption of legal tenders with silver. A resolution for the recognition of the Chamberlain government in South Carolina was presented in the Senate, on the 16th, and referred to the Committee on Elections. The message of the President regarding the sending of troops to Petersburg, Virginia, during the election was called up in the Senate, on the 16th, and the Judiciary Committee was instructed to report whether the construction of the election laws put on them by the Attorney-General in General Orders No. 96 is correct. The House, on the 16th, by a vote of 125 to 104, tabled the bill for the appointment of commissioners to an international convention on the relative value of gold and silver. The House Judiciary Committee, on the 16th, reported, in relation to the refusal of the members of the Louisiana Returning Board to produce papers demanded by the Morrison investigating committee, that they do not recognize the right of any person, or State, or Federal officer, to defeat an investigation of either House which might involve the existence of the government, by refusing to testify before such committee, and they direct the arrest of the members of the Returning Board. On the 17th, the House, by a strictly party vote, ordered the arrest.—The Senate, on the 17th, took up the report on the revision of the rules, and the amendment to compel Senators to be present when necessary to a quorum was adopted. Another amendment, declaring that the Vice-President may by his vote determine the question when the Senate was equally divided, was also adopted, and the report was agreed to.—The Congressional Joint Committee, on the 18th, reported to both Houses, in the shape of a bill, a plan for counting the electoral vote. It makes the functions of the President of the Senate purely ministerial, and the two kinds of objections likely to be raised when the certificates are opened are to be settled as follows: First, when only one set of returns is presented from a State, any objection to their reception must be sustained by the concurrent vote of both Houses. Failing this, such returns must be counted as the vote of the State. When two sets are presented, they are to be immediately referred to a commission composed of five Senators, five members of the House, four of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court—whose names are given—and one other justice selected by these four. The decision of this tribunal of fifteen is to be submitted to the two Houses assembled in joint session, and is to be final, unless both Houses agree to reject it.

The following-named United States Senators have been elected by the Legislatures of their States: James G. Blaine, Maine, William Windom, Minnesota; Thomas W. Ferry, Michigan; A. H. Garland, Arkansas; Alvin Saunders, Nebraska; George F. Hoar, Massachusetts; James E. Bailey, Tennessee.

The Democrats of New Hampshire have nominated Daniel Marcy for Governor.

In the New York State Legislature, January 15, Assemblyman Holaman introduced a bill providing that every savings-bank shall contribute from its assets to create a special State fund, from which shall be repaid to depositors the amount of money lost by them through the failure of any savings-bank.

Four more vessels of the Gloucester fishing fleet are reported to have been lost, making fourteen in all.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Turkish Grand Council, on the 18th of January, unanimously rejected the last proposals of the European powers, as contrary to the dignity, integrity, and independence of the empire. The Council also peremptorily refused to allow Midhat Pasha to negotiate further, except on the basis of the Turkish counter-proposals.

The Zulu king Cettywayo refuses to admit the occupation by British troops of the territory which is in dispute between himself and the Transvaal Republic. He has returned unopened a letter sent him by the British envoy, and has assembled 8000 warriors in the disputed territory.

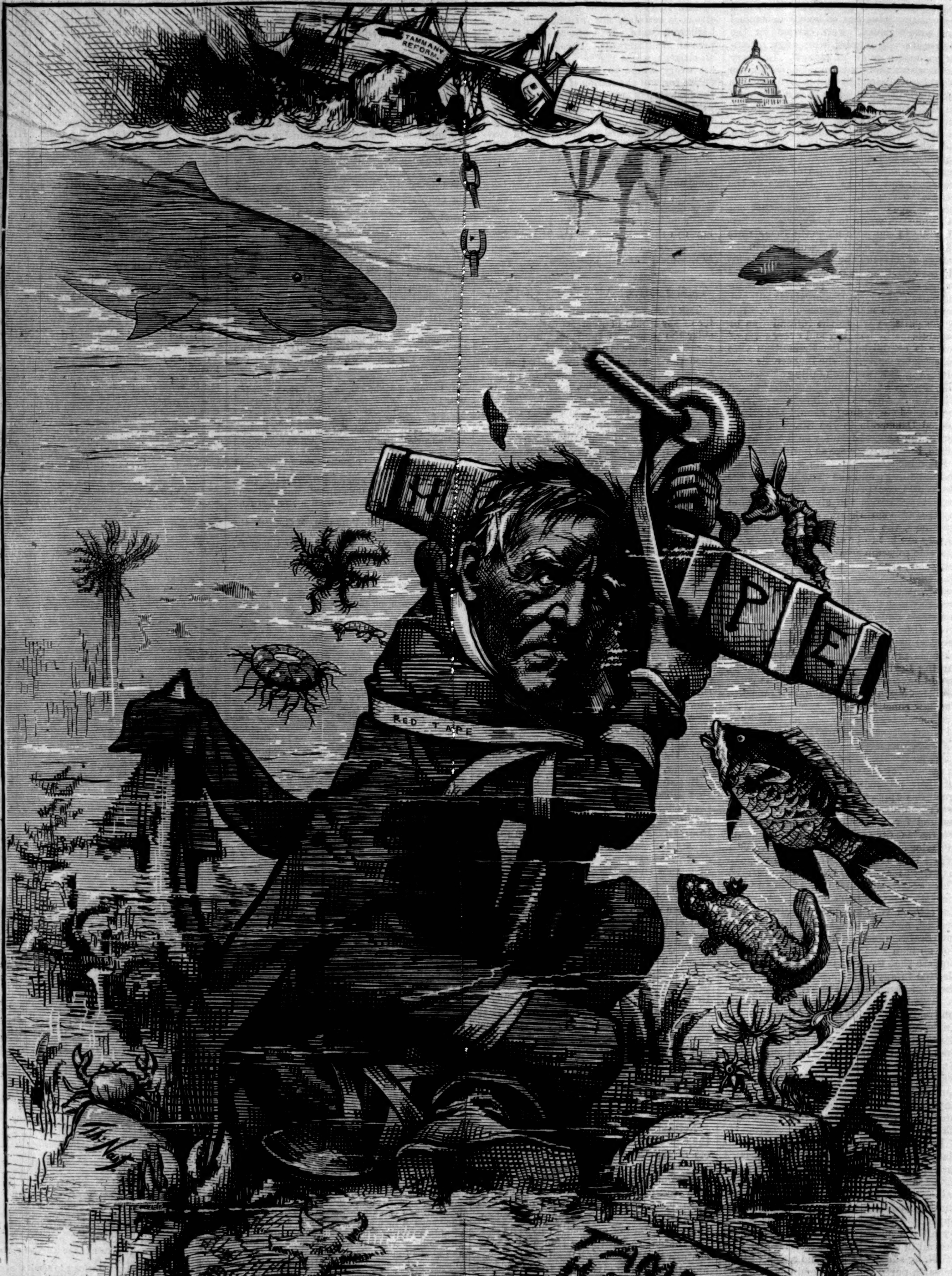
The Italian ministry is again disturbed. Baron Nicotera, the Minister of the Interior, insists upon the maintenance of a censorship over all political press dispatches. His colleagues dissent.

The American ship *George Green* is supposed to have been wrecked on the English coast.

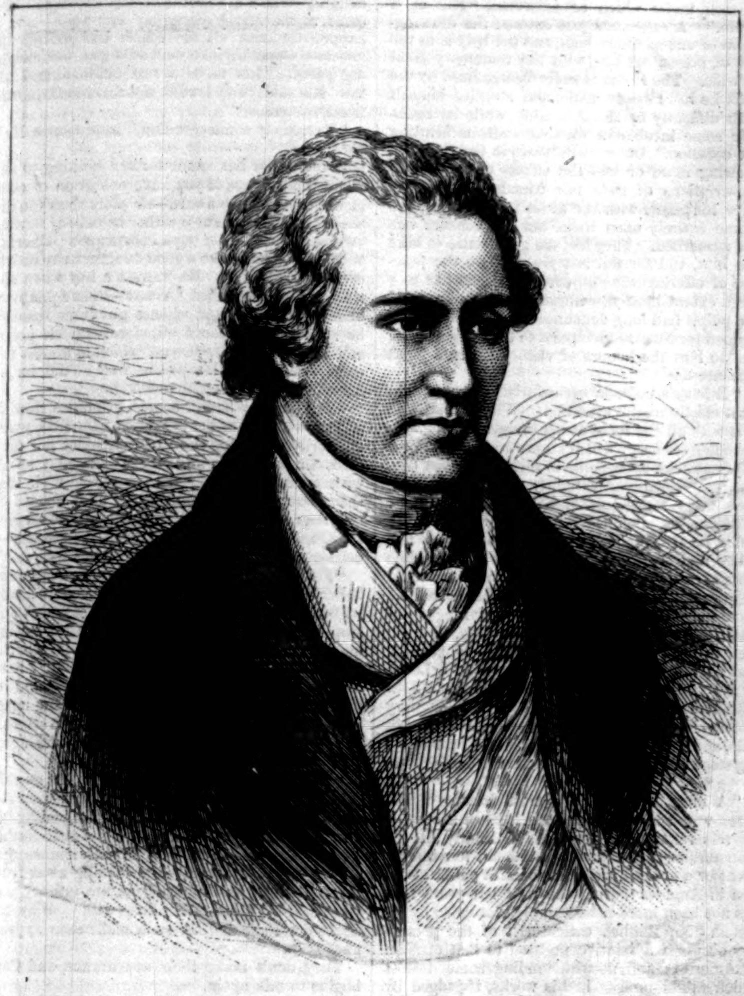
General Queroga has been shot in Mexico. Diaz defeated Iglesias in battle, and the latter has asked to be allowed to retire to private life.

Official returns of the recent election for members of the German Parliament show that 63 conservatives have been chosen. Of those elected, 194 are supporters of the empire, and 133 opposers.

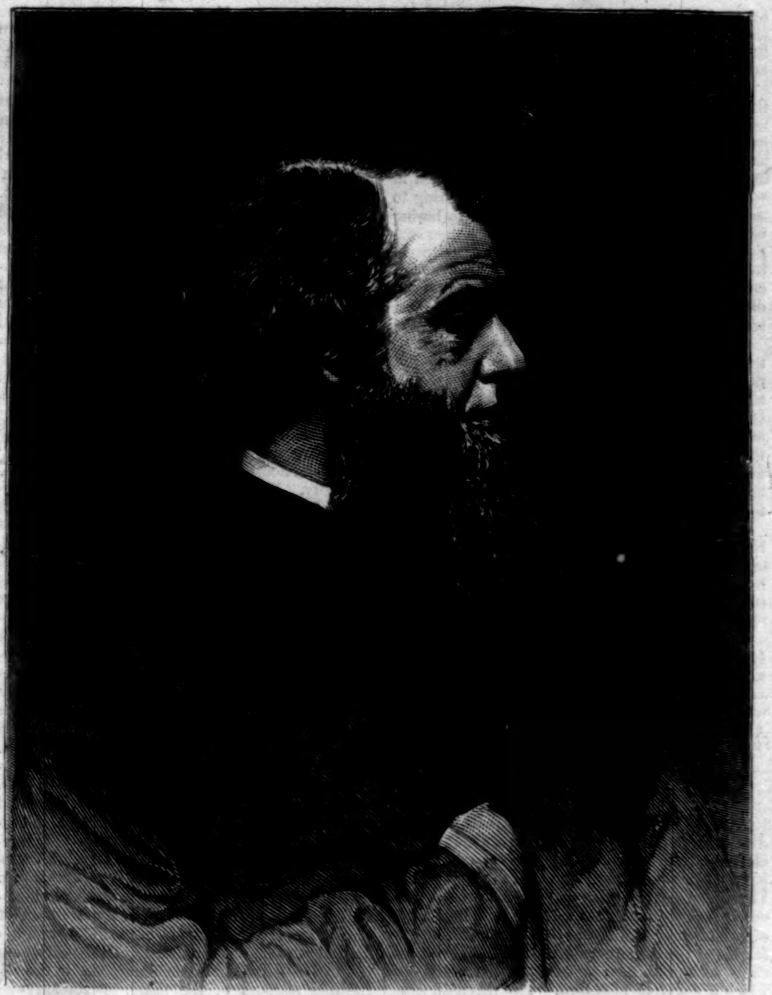
The East Indian government will need $32,500,000 for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Madras and Bombay.


TAMMANY REFORM
H
PE
RED TAPE
Th. Nast
TAMMANY HALL

THE STATUTE OF LIMITATION.



COUNT RUMFORD.



THE LATE REV. A. H. WASHBURN, D.D.—PHOT. BY J. F. RIDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

COUNT RUMFORD.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON (Count Rumford, of the Holy Roman Empire) was born March 26, 1753, in Woburn, Massachusetts. He received the usual county-school education, but proving restive on the farm, he was apprenticed to a merchant in Salem. Here his spare time was diligently devoted to algebra and mathematics, the problems of astronomy having a peculiar relish to him, so that at the age of fifteen he could calculate an eclipse. At the age of sixteen he went to Boston, and there picked up some French. Returning in two years to Woburn, he studied medicine a while, and then taught school at Bradford, and subsequently in Concord, New Hampshire—a town once known as Rumford.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON at this time was a manly, handsome fellow, about six feet in height, and at the age of nineteen won the affections of Mrs. **SARAH W. ROLFE**, a wealthy widow some years his senior. The union was blessed with a daughter.

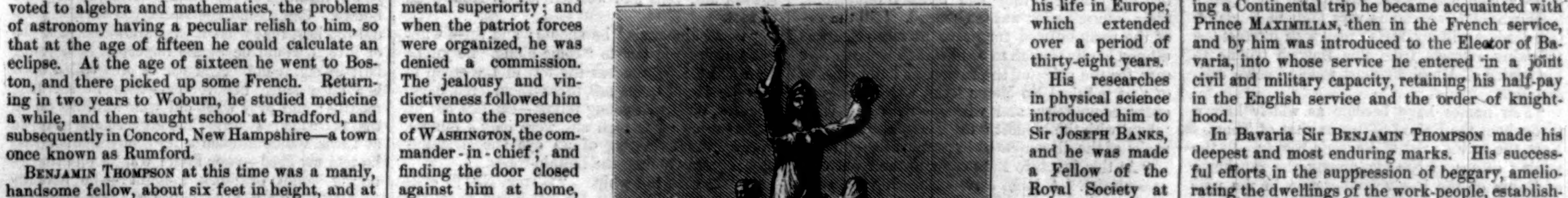
Governor **WENTWORTH**, of the colony of New Hampshire, appointed **THOMPSON** a major in the militia; but he appears to have lacked conciliation. His brother officers and townsmen were probably jealous of his good looks, the favor of his superiors, and his mental superiority; and when the patriot forces were organized, he was denied a commission. The jealousy and vindictiveness followed him even into the presence of **WASHINGTON**, the commander-in-chief; and finding the door closed against him at home, he went to England, and was given an appointment in the Colonial Office at the age of twenty-three.

In England he soon found appreciative friends. With a seeming prescience of his proper line of usefulness, he commenced at once his theoretical studies and deductions and his practical and social improvements; and the two went hand in hand throughout his life in Europe, which extended over a period of thirty-eight years.

His researches in physical science introduced him to Sir **JOSEPH BANKS**, and he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six. The practical nature of his mind is evinced by the attention he gave about this time to the accoutrement of the soldiers, the force of gunpowder, the construction of fire-arms and ordnance, and a marine signal code.

Receiving a colonelcy in the English army, he was for a while in command of a regiment on Long Island, returning to England in 1783. During a Continental trip he became acquainted with Prince **MAXIMILIAN**, then in the French service, and by him was introduced to the Elector of Bavaria, into whose service he entered in a joint civil and military capacity, retaining his half-pay in the English service and the order of knighthood.

In Bavaria Sir **BENJAMIN THOMPSON** made his deepest and most enduring marks. His successful efforts in the suppression of beggary, ameliorating the dwellings of the work-people, establishing schools and houses of industry, introducing superior breeds of cattle and improved methods



FRUIT AND FLOWER STAND. CENTURY VASE. FRUIT AND FLOWER STAND.

AMERICAN SILVER-WARE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

of gardening, were carried on alongside of his other schemes—the reorganization of the army, its tactics, economy, discipline, education, and its arms.

It is with him as a discoverer and inventor that this brief sketch has principally to do. His investigations as to the nature and properties of heat seem to have been mainly from the sanitary and economical point of view, in endeavoring to improve the stoves so much used and needed in the winter seasons in Munich. Not trusting to mere blind experiments, he ascertained by boring cannon that heat is not material (as was then supposed), but is derived from the power spent in making the friction—that it is a transference of energy, a mode of molecular motion. This grand discovery is an epoch in the history of physical science.

The result of his labors in mechanical improvements is seen in the construction of fire-places, ranges, stoves, grates, and chimneys, by which more than one-half the fuel is saved. He invented a calorimeter to measure heat, and a photometer to measure light; he first distinguished between radiation, conduction, and convection; he used steam in heating fluids and in cooking. His inventions improved the homes and home comforts of the people of two continents.

For his services he was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and selected the title "Count of Rumford," in remembrance of old times. He returned to England in 1798, organized the Royal Institution in 1800, and subsequently took up his residence on the Continent.

His first wife died in 1792, and he married, in 1805, the widow of the celebrated Lavoisier, who was guillotined in the French Revolution. Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, died at Auteuil, August 21, 1814. His daughter, born in America, returned there after her father's decease.

REV. A. H. WASHBURN, D.D.

Among the victims of the Ashtabula railroad disaster was the Rev. A. H. Washburn, D.D., for eleven years past rector of Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio, whose portrait is given on page 85. The doctor left Cleveland on the morning of the accident to spend the day with the Rev. Dr. Mills, of Erie, Pennsylvania, and took the ill-fated train for home the same evening. The body was entirely consumed, nothing having been found by which it could be identified. The reverend gentleman was beloved and respected wherever known, and his death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THOMAS NAST.

In the December number of *The Leisure Hour*, a widely circulated London magazine, appeared quite a long and appreciative paper on Thomas Nast, whose fame stands very high in England. Our readers will not fail to read with interest the following extracts from this English tribute to the genius of America's most widely known caricaturist:

"Few names have become as widely known throughout the United States as that of Thomas Nast, the caricaturist of *Harper's Weekly*. In the mining camps of Nevada, among the rancheros of Texas or the hardy lumber-men in the pine forests of the North, Nast's pictures are as keenly appreciated as among the most exclusive coteries of Philadelphia or the autocrats of every Boston breakfast table. In party warfare the Republicans owe Nast no small debt of gratitude for the heartiness with which he espoused their cause, and for his wonderful ingenuity and adroitness in ridiculing their opponents. Public wrong-doers of every kind have felt the poignancy of his satire; nor have the vices and follies of social life escaped castigation at his hands. Children are special favorites with him, and hundreds of American boys and girls have annual reason to be grateful for his intercession on their behalf with Santa Claus for the toys and sweets which fall to their lot at Christmas tide. The 'Heathen Chinee' in California was not too far away to experience the benignity of his genius in evoking protection against the revolvers and knives of a San Francisco mob; the corrupt rulers of New York city were not so firmly intrenched behind their iniquitous ramparts but his assaults could precipitate their overthrow.

"If we will take the trouble to think, it is astonishing how many of our ideas respecting individuals we shall find to have been suggested by the caricaturists. A few years ago one of the most familiar figures in *Punch* was that of the late Lord Palmerston, who was invariably represented with a twig in his mouth. The twig became identified with the man; and had we come upon the Prime Minister in the street, we should have involuntarily turned our eyes to see if the twig was in its place. Its absence would have been felt as a positive disappointment, but the fault would not have been with the artist of *Punch*, but with the neglect of his lordship. In the same way the eyeglass of John Bright, or the peculiar curl which adorns the forehead of Lord Beaconsfield, are prominent in our minds when we think of the men themselves. This faculty of creating objective individuality is one of Nast's strongest points; and in some of his pictures the person intended is to be recognized with perfect certainty, although it may happen that only the smallest section of a figure is visible. His purely emblematic designs are equally forcible. The *motif* in his compositions is never obscure, while the enormous fertility of his invention gives freshness and piquancy to every effort of his pencil.

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"Thomas Nast was born at Landau, in Bavaria, on the 27th of September, 1840. His father was a musician, who, with his family, emigrated to America when Nast was six years old. The mind of the artist could not, therefore, have been very deeply impressed by the surroundings of his infancy, although in many of his pictures it is powerfully evident that he has retained his German sympathies. At the age of fourteen Nast obtained his first employment as a draughtsman from Frank Leslie, and by 1860 he had so far risen in his profession as to be appointed 'special artist' to visit England on the occasion of the brutal encounter between Sayers and Heenan. This duty performed, Nast wandered off to the Continent, where he was just in time to witness many of the most stirring events of the Italian revolution. He was present at several of the engagements fought by Garibaldi and his gallant companions, and supplied a number of sketches both for American papers and for the *Illustrated London News*. Up to this time, however, the peculiar bent of his genius had never displayed itself; and even after his return to New York, in 1862, a considerable period elapsed before he began to distinguish himself in that branch of art in which he was to become famous.

"For nearly four years the conflict between North and South had been raging with the utmost intensity. Neither side had obtained any permanent advantage. The earnestness with which the entire white population of the Southern States had flung itself into the struggle had counterbalanced the advantages derived by the North from the superiority of resources. Thousands of blue-clad volunteers had found graves in the valley of the Shenandoah or along the banks of the Potomac, yet still the South, under Lee, their brave Virginian leader, showed a dauntless and unbroken front. Many a family in New England mourned the loss of its bread-winner, many a Western homestead had been desolated by the fall of its stalwart sons beneath the bullets of the enemy or the agues and fevers of the Southern swamps. The gain of to-day's victory was lost by to-morrow's defeat, while the end was as remote as ever. Peace, even at the price of secession, appeared preferable to the horrors of interminable bloodshed. After all, the servile Africans were, perhaps, happy in their Southern bondage. The story of their suffering was doubtless overdrawn. Better they should remain in ignorance of a blessing they had never known than for brethren of a nobler race to continue in blood-thirsty and unnatural strife. But the leaders of the party were not to be driven from their purpose by the affrighted clamors of the timid. Secession was national suicide, and the boasted liberty of the American republic a paltry sham as long as slavery existed in the land. The evil which had penetrated the whole social fabric now threatened its overthrow; but the time had come for its removal, and those who had undertaken to direct the effort were not men to be dismayed by the cost. The majority of the Northern people were steadfast in their purpose of preserving the Union and uprooting slavery. Notwithstanding the terrible disasters they had already undergone, their determination was unchanged. Still the cry of the weak-hearted for peace at any price was uttered loudly enough to be mistaken by less acute ears for the voice of the nation, and the citizens of that political No Man's Land which exists in every community, and whose only creed is to 'shout with the biggest crowd,' began to swell the ranks of the discontented in formidable numbers.

"At this juncture Nast came to the front as a caricaturist. A large cartoon, bearing the since familiar signature of Thomas Nast, appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for the 3d September, 1864. It was dedicated to the Chicago Convention, to which the peace party had just elected delegates. The design represented the grave of a Union soldier. Beside it stood an armed Confederate, with his foot resting contemptuously on the grave, across which he has clasped hands with a crippled and disarmed Unionist. The style of the design was new to the Americans, and the wonderful directness and force of its meaning were instantly apparent. The mute eloquence of the appeal could not be mistaken, and Nast, like a certain distinguished poet, may be said to have awoke in the morning and found himself famous. Seldom has an artist achieved fame as suddenly as Nast did by this single effort, and still more seldom has one shown himself capable of sustaining the position thus acquired. Henceforward Nast's path was clearly defined, and from the time his first cartoon appeared in *Harper's* he has been an almost weekly contributor to the pages of that journal. During the Presidential campaign which ended in Lincoln being elected for the second time, and until the remnant of the Confederates laid down their arms to Grant and his veterans at Appomattox Court-house, Nast's pencil was never idle. The Southern foe, the Democratic enemies in the North, the social follies of the hour, were assailed with a vigor which no previous American caricaturist had the courage or ability to attempt.

"As an advocate of temperance, Nast has upon occasion shown himself as earnest as George Cruikshank. Christmas-day does not obtain the universal observance in New York that it receives farther south; while, on the other hand, New-Year's Day is as great a festival in the American metropolis as it is in Paris. One of the customs of the day is for gentlemen to pay a visit of ceremony to all their lady friends. Each visit may last probably only a few minutes, but it is usual for the visitor before departing to drink a glass of wine proffered by the hostess. As may be supposed, the ordeal is a trying one to a gentleman having a long list of acquaintances, and the numerous glasses of wine politeness has impelled him to drink will by the end of the day have reduced him to a state bordering on helpless intoxication. When it is remembered that the Americans are an exceedingly social and hospitable people, the magnitude of the evils brought about by these New-Year's visits may be imagined. Nast gave a heavy blow to the practice in a large cartoon, under which he inscribed, "Eve at it again." A caller has just entered the drawing-room of one of his friends, and the lady is in the act of presenting him with the customary glass of wine. The victim is sadly disorganized by the calls he has already made, and steadies himself with difficulty by aid of a table, while he mumbles some incoherent conventionalisms befitting the occasion. Other visitors are in the room, all showing more or less the effects of the vinous prescriptions of their fair friends. The ladies were indignant with the artist for throwing the blame entirely upon them, but the censure was not unmerited. They had the good sense to take the hint, and for the last year or two the practice of offering wine on such occasions has to a large extent been discontinued. The press and the pulpit had long denounced the evil, but it remained for Nast to give point to their arguments; and to him the honors of victory are in a great measure due.

"It is as a political caricaturist, however, that Nast chiefly merits attention. When he strikes, it is with all the force at his command, and with a vindictive energy which knows no mercy. Some of his attacks upon political foes are almost brutal in the relentless malignity with which he follows every movement of his victim; but apart from politics, upon which of course opinions may differ, he always appears as the champion of morality and justice. It is perhaps this terrible earnestness of purpose which has done more than any thing else to maintain Nast in the position he occupies. The evils against which he fought had attained a magnitude of which, happily, Englishmen of the present day can have no conception, and against which the gentle humor of a Leech or a Tenniel would be powerless. It was a fight with giants incased in armor which long impunity had made proof against the mere shafts of ridicule, and the only hope of victory was by employing some mighty engine of warfare to crush them.

* * * * * *

"A mere list of Nast's most famous caricatures would be tediously long. His industry is no less remarkable than the fecundity of his imagination, and it would be difficult to name an event or a subject which has excited public attention in America during the past ten years that has not been more or less amply illustrated by his pencil. No English caricaturist of the present day occupies a relative position to that of Nast in America; and notwithstanding some defects which might appear in his works, if judged by the standard of English taste, the position he occupies is fully merited."

A SLEIGH-BELLE.

Harold Brown's sleigh dashed merrily up to Harold Brown's door, and at that moment (she was the soul of punctuality) out came Harold Brown's only sister—a little woman wrapped in shawls and veils and worsted things from head to foot.

"Come along, sis," he shouts; and then, without waiting for her to "come along," he jumps from the sleigh, reaches the top of the stoop in three strides—he's a tall, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow—catches her up in his arms as though she were *only* a bundle, and in the twinkling of an eye she is snugly stowed away among the buffalo-robes.

Crack goes the whip. "G'lang, Ned!" cries Harold. "Ned" tosses his head and paws the ground an instant to set the sleigh-bells ringing properly, and off they go.

"Are you warm?" asks Harold of the bundle at his side.

"Almost smothered," answers the bundle, in an indistinct voice with a slight lisp.

"That's right, my darling," says the brother, who adores his pretty young sister—the only one left him of four. "I should tear my hair in wild despair if you caught cold. Mind you don't, for if you but sneeze once, be it the tiniest sneeze that ever was, home you go."

"Never fear, Har," rejoins the obedient small woman. "I promise, upon my word and honor, not to sneeze. I'll choke first. Ah! here we are," she continues, as they turn into Fifth Avenue and take their place at the end of a line of sleighs, big and little, the largest of which stands unoccupied before the handsome and brilliantly lighted house of Albert Lee, merchant and millionaire.

"Yes, and here are all the rest," says Harold, adding, with a slight inflection of scorn, "excepting the Lee people. Of course it's the Princess Alberta who is keeping us all waiting"—forgetting, in the most man-like manner, that he had only that moment arrived himself. "She never was ready when she was a little girl, and I suppose she hasn't reformed in that particular, now she's a big one."

"Big!" repeats the voice from the mufflers; "why, she isn't a bit larger than I am."

"Well, she's a year older, anyhow, and ought to know better," replies Harold; "but I haven't the slightest doubt she's stopping to flirt with some one, or two, or half a dozen of her numerous admirers, utterly regardless of the fact that I—that is, you—to say nothing of forty or fifty others, more or less intimate friends, are freezing outside. Dan Van Rensselaer is buttoning on her gloves, or Will West is fastening the straps of her overshoes, or some confounded nonsense or other. Cora, it's my opinion that girl flirted in her cradle, made faces at her old loves, and smiled on the new. 'Alberta!'—and she won't let any one soften it to 'Berta,'" he went on, apparently warming with his subject—"what a ridiculous name for such a mite! for mite she is, and mite she will continue to be, for all her scornful looks and haughty ways."

"Oh, Harold!" exclaims the veiled voice, with as much indignation as is possible under the circumstances. "How unjust you are! She's not haughty—she's not scornful—she's lovely! She came to me *herself* yesterday afternoon—and I happen to know all the others had written invitations—and begged we would join her sleighing party. 'It's to be a real old-fashioned affair,' she said, 'and I want my real old-fashioned friends to come.'"

"Extremely condescending," interpolates Harold.

"And as for her name, *she* had nothing to say about that, as you, if you have one grain of common-sense, must be aware—no more than you did about yours. And she'd rather be called 'Bertie,' a great deal; only her papa insists upon 'Alberta,' and consequently, like a good daughter, she insists upon 'Alberta' too. He wanted a boy when she was born, to be called 'Albert'—that's his own name, you know; and when a girl came instead, he said no girl should interfere with his plans, and he named her 'Alberta,' which is almost the same thing. And it's just as well he did, for he never had another child, girl or boy."

"Pity the boy hadn't come," grumbles Harold.

"For shame, brother!" exclaims the little woman, partly unfolding the veil that hides her dimpled chin and rosy mouth, that she may speak with greater effect. "How can you wish that there was a great stupid young man instead of that dear sweet girl? for she *is* a dear sweet girl, though you, I can't for the life of me see why—neither can Fred—choose to be angry with her."

"I didn't wish for 'a great stupid young man' in her place," explains Harold, with a short laugh. "That he would necessarily have been 'great and stupid' only feminine logic can prove; it's beyond me. But if 'Albert' *had* come first, and Alberta, by some other name, second, she wouldn't have been an only child, as she is now, petted and indulged in every whim and fancy, until she imagines herself a queen and all the world her slaves."

"You said 'a princess' a few moments ago," says Cora, demurely.

"And perhaps she wouldn't be smiling on that grinning idiot, Dan Van Rensselaer—they say she's going to marry him, his fortune equaling her own, and his great-great-great-great-grandfather having been one of the very first Dutchmen that landed on these shores—and turning away from the fellow she has known from her infancy, and who has— Whoa, Ned, keep still! Why the deuce don't she and her train make their appearance?"

They don't make their appearance, and Cora begins to talk again.

"Harold, you wrong Alberta; indeed you do. It is *you* that are foolishly proud, not she. When she went abroad, she left us rich; when she came back, she found us poor; and yet she had only been home two days when she sought us out. And how did *you* receive her? In the coldest manner; and then raved and swore when she was gone—you needn't contradict me; I distinctly remember two very wicked words you said—because she didn't rush into your arms and kiss you at meeting, as she did at parting, three years before. Can't you understand, you horrid, splendid old boy, that what is just allowable in a girl of fifteen would be highly improper in a young lady of eighteen? And you've only called upon her once since her return—once in six long months; and pray what did your lordship do on that occasion? Scowled and growled and snapped at Louis Vance in such a ferocious manner that he told my Fred—poor Fred! what a pity they're taking 'count of stock to-night!—he actually thought," with a little chuckle, "you were losing your senses. And what's more, Mr. Harold Brown"—and the dimpled chin is thrust forward defiantly—"*I* think, and so does Fred, that it's your duty to apologize for the way you behaved that evening. And I don't believe she's engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer at all. That was only a rumor that floated over here from Paris, and I see no reason why you should accept it for the blessed truth any more than you do the thousand and one idle reports that are always floating about. And, Harold, if you really love her, why don't you tell her so? Fred told me the moment he found out. But there! I sha'n't talk any more; it's no use."

"It is not," declares Harold, with emphasis; "for unless, by some unforeseen turn in the wheel of fortune, she become as poor as myself, and I don't believe the wheel contemplates any such turn, I shall never speak of love to Miss Alberta Lee."

"Rude, obstinate, wretched boy!" scolds the little sister; "I wash my hands of you. If you insist upon being unhappy, be so. Not another word do you hear from me to-night, for my breath is all frozen on my veil, making it stiff and uncomfortable, and I've reason to think, notwithstanding my promise to the contrary, my big brother, I'm going to sneeze."

"My darling," cries the big brother, fumbling in his great-coat pockets, "I've another sky, or moon, or cloud, or whatever you call it, here—bought it as I came along for fear—"

"Har," interrupts Cora, solemnly, "if you wrap another thing about me, even if it be the finest gossamer, I shall cease to breathe;" and she twines the veil she had unfolded about the lower part of her face again, and relapses into silence.

"Here she is—and time, I think," says Harold, his blue eyes flashing with no pleasant light, as a laughing party ran down the steps of the Lee mansion and crowded into the empty sleigh. "And, thunder and Mars! that infernal Dan Van Rensselaer is at her side. G'lang, Ned!" savagely. And away they all start, laughing, singing, and shouting as only young people sleigh-riding on a fine moonlight night can laugh and sing and shout.

An hour's ride, and then a stop of an hour or two at an old-fashioned country hotel—would there were more of them!—for a dance (the sole music for which was furnished by a very old violin, played by a still older darky, who, the dance ended, proceeded to display his musical skill with much rolling of the eyes and stamping of the right foot, by performing a composition of his own, the theme being "The Queen Bee's Visit to the Garden of Roses," and the most noticeable point in which was a "hum-um-um," commencing pianissimo, crescendo to fortissimo, and then diminuendo until the Queen Bee flew away again) and a supper.

At the supper an enormous turkey presided, flanked by crisp salads, broiled quails, and the various pies of the country; but he, the turkey, didn't preside long, for he was soon reduced to much less than a skeleton; and then the sleighs were brought from the stable, and the heads of the horses, the horses nothing loath, turned homeward; and the good-natured landlady and the red-haired chamber-maid, and Dan Van Rensselaer and his chums, had all they could do in the way of searching for articles of wearing apparel, and helping on jackets, and holding shawls and cloaks, and tying veils, for at least fifteen minutes.

"Hurry up," at length shouts some one from outside, "if you want to get to the city before the moon turns her back on us;" and down stairs they go pell-mell, helter-skelter, and jump and tumble, and are lifted into the sleighs again.

Harold Brown grasps his own particular charge from the group as they reach the road-side, and carefully seating her in his sleigh, heaps the heavy robes around her and springs in himself.

Hundreds of silvery bells jingle together in pleasant discord; the old darky, whose Queen Bee has never extracted so much honey with an "m" from the garden of roses before, flings his battered hat in the air, and shouts, "Hurrah!" and then seizes his old violin and plays "Hail, Columbia," as though every note was a soldier of 1776; and away they speed for home once more.

"How lovely she looked to-night!" begins Harold, after a five-minutes' silence. "You needn't speak, toad. After that warm room and the dance and the supper, it is more necessary than ever that you should be careful. All I ask of you is to listen. As a listener you can't be surpassed, although as a talker, like most women, you are apt to get things a little confused. But don't go to sleep, for that is an insult I can't and won't stand. Did you ever see such hair?—spun gold! And how charmingly she wears it! part in a wreath about her pretty head, and part floating free over her pretty shoulders. Blondes! There's only one blonde in the world, and that's Alberta Lee. Her skin is like the snow with the moonlight on it; and being beautiful because she is so fair, I suppose it wouldn't be fair in me to even dream of her turning Brown. Hi, Ned! Good heavens! the intelligent brute heard that dreadful attempt at a joke, and tried to run away. So-o-o, old fellow! I won't do it again. And she never spoke to me, Cora. And yet when we were boy and girl together I've stolen many a kiss from that sweet red mouth unreproved, and she used to call me '*My* Harold.' Let me see—that must have been eight years ago. And then, as she grew older, she grew more shy; but I was 'Harold' still, often '*dear* Harold,' until her father, who shows what an idiot he is, in spite of his years, by encouraging that greater idiot, Van Rensselaer, made that lucky hit in Wall Street, and the whole family went abroad to learn how to play the aristocrat to humble friends at home. It's true I didn't go near her to-night. There were too many around her. 'The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me.' And the dance I should have liked to have danced with her, the dance we danced together in the 'long ago,' she gave to Louis Vance, the very man I came near knocking down one evening at her house for taking her picture from her album and putting it in his breast pocket, with some silly, spooney remark about his heart. How her mother glared at me as I snatched it from his hand! and *she* said, with a cool drawl, 'Pray, Mr. Brown, what is it to you?' Deuce take her lovely, exasperating, bewitching impudence! She well knew what it was to me, the golden-haired, lily-white little hypocrite! I suppose she'll marry that Van Rensselaer"—and he muttered something which didn't sound like a blessing between his teeth—"or some of his set, not one of whom is worthy to hold her fan, 'the bonnie wee thing,' as our old Scotch nurse used to say"—breaking off with what in a woman we would call a hysterical laugh. "I say, sis, are you asleep? You needn't say a word, my butterfly: just shake your head."

The worsted things and veils that formed the butterfly's cocoon moved slowly and with difficulty from side to side.

"All right, dear. I feel as though I *must* talk of her to-night, and to whom can I talk but you, my darling?—my little sister, who has never withheld her love and sympathy from me, God bless her! But, Cora, if any poor fellow had loved you all his life long, and you had led him to believe for many years that you returned his affection, and then, growing richer, as he, through no fault of his own, grew poorer—if you turned away from him and smiled upon those who were only his superiors in wealth and position, I'd disown you. Mouse of my life, I would indeed!"

"But suppose the 'poor fellow' never told his love when we met after a long separation?" whispers the "mouse of his life."

"In words, you mean? Pshaw! there are a hundred ways in which a man tells his love, and a woman knows every one of them by heart."

"But suppose," in another faint whisper, "that when she returned from abroad, she found him a man so much less manly than the youth she had left that he could stoop to believe that because he had become poor, as the world goes, she could forget the happy, happy days they had spent together, and—and cared for each other? Suppose that he lent a ready ear to silly reports about her—one, for instance, that she was engaged to be married to 'that idiot Van Rensselaer?'"

"Cora!"

No reply.

"Cora, I say!"

Perfect silence.

"You tormenting little thing"—shaking her gently with his strong right hand—"why don't you answer me? I won't give you a kiss for a week if you don't. There's something uncanny about you. Where's your lisp? You had one a short time ago; you know you did. Cora!"

"My name's Alberta, please, Sir;" and the veil that had hidden her face flew aside, and a long tress of golden hair floated out and brightened the night.

The reins fell from Harold's hands. Alberta caught them skillfully.

"'Tis well," she said, "that in those by-gone days you taught me how to drive."

For one moment her lover gazed at her in open-eyed wonder. Then he gasped, "Great heavens! what a fool!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the fair one, with a smile.

"Not you, Alberta—thunder and Mars! no, but me, myself—to be so near and yet so far. What a consummate—"

"Skip the hard words; there isn't the slightest need of them," interrupted Alberta, mischievously. "Cora thought she'd like a ride in the big sleigh, and I hadn't the heart to refuse the child. Hope I haven't intruded, Mr. Brown? And now, as we're turning into our street, you'd better take the reins again."

"Alberta—Bertie—sweetheart, say something kind to me before we part," he pleads, grasping both the reins and the little hands that hold them.

"What shall I say, Mr. Brown?"

He bends his head and looks earnestly in her face. "Say 'Harold' first."

"'Harold,'" she repeats, with a saucy smile, and then wresting her hands away, she sinks back and leans her head on his shoulder, which droops to meet it, and goes on in a softened voice: "I'm *not* engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer, whom you, with charming consistency, call an idiot for being in love with *me;* and my papa, who is the dearest and best papa in the whole world, in spite of your impertinent remarks about him, cares nothing for wealth and position, compared to my happiness; and I myself, 'lily-white little hypocrite' to the contrary, haven't the slightest objection to turning Brown, *my* Harold."

"God bless you, dearest!"

"Yes, yes, but don't kiss me just now, please. We're at our own door, and the light of the street lamp is falling full upon us, and there's dear old anxious papa peeping out, trying to catch a glimpse of his only son and heiress."

"Good-night," "good-night," resounded from every side as each particular sleigh started for that particular place to which its particular party belonged, with the exception of the sleigh in charge of the horse called Ned.

That remained in front of the dwelling of the "princess," while its happy owner, with Cora, his little sister, who had suddenly appeared at his side, on one arm, and Alberta, his pretty sweetheart, on the other, ascended the marble steps.

"Papa," called out Alberta, as they entered the hall, "Mr. Harold Brown has been behaving in a dreadful manner. He has called me all sorts of names, abused me most shamefully to my face, actually shaken me, and, worst of all, declared he wouldn't kiss me for a week. Send John to look after Ned—poor horse, *he* isn't to blame—and then *I* demand that *you* demand an explanation."

AMERICAN SILVER-WARE.

On page 85 will be found three exquisite representations of American silver-ware manufacture. The central figure is the "Century Vase," manufactured by the Gorham Company, beautiful in design, treatment, and workmanship. The length of the base is five feet four inches, the height, four feet two inches. It is formed of solid silver, and its weight is 2000 ounces. The ornamentation is designed to represent the story of the century of American independence. Thus, the pioneer and Indian represent the first phase of civilization; groups of fruit, flowers, and cereals, the natural products of the soil. The slab of polished granite signifies the unity and solidity of the government, on which rest the thirty-eight States. The band of stars, thirty-eight, encircling the piece, thirteen in front, represent the present and original number of States in the Union. The group on the left is the Genius of War, with the torch in her right hand, while the left grasps the chain holding the "dogs of war" in check; a shell has shattered the tree, and a broken caisson wheel is half buried in the débris on the battle-ground. The group on the right is the lion led by little children, musical instruments and flowers strewn on the ground, all denoting perfect peace and security. The medallion in front is the Angel of Fame, holding in one hand the palm branch and laurel wreath, and in the other a wreath of immortelles and a portrait of Washington. The medallion on the opposite side is the Genius of Philosophy and Diplomacy, with one hand resting on the printing-press and with the other holding a portrait of Franklin. On either side of the plinth is a head of the bison, the king of the prairie. Having now passed the Revolution and witnessed the restoration of peace, the nation commences its growth; and hence the vase rises from the plinth. The front panel of the vase represents Genius, ready to inscribe on the tablet the progress made in literature, science, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. On the reverse panel Genius is ready to record the advancement in commerce, agriculture, mining, and manufactures. The figures denote Europe, Asia, and Africa bringing in their contributions to the Exhibition; while the central figure, America, is inviting and welcoming all nations to unite with her in celebrating the triumph of her centennial year.

On each side of the "Century Vase" is an engraving of a fruit and flower stand, manufactured by Messrs. Reed & Barton. Both are models of elegant design and exquisite workmanship.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Two eminent geologists have lately died in Europe in the persons of Professor Heinrich Credner, of Germany, and Dr. Franz Foetterle, of Austria. Professor Credner was born in 1809, near Gotha, and died on the 28th of September. His profession was that of mining engineer, and he served in this relation in Gotha, in Hanover, and in Prussia. Among his earlier publications was a work upon the geodesy of Thuringia and the Harz, as also upon the subdivisions of the Upper Jura and the Wealden of the northwestern part of Germany.

Dr. Foetterle was born on the 2d of February, 1823, and became connected in 1849 with the Geological Survey of Austria, of which he became vice-director in 1873.

An international commission charged with the duty of reporting upon the progress and condition of work upon the St. Gothard Tunnel has officially remarked that, thanks to the improved machinery which has been introduced, the works have made great progress of late, so that, unless unforeseen obstacles should supervene, it will in future be comparatively easy to complete the tunnel at an average rate of twenty feet per day.

The death of Mr. Charles Sainte-Claire Deville, an eminent French scientist, on the 10th of October, in Paris, was caused by the bite of a dog. Mr. Deville has for a long time been well known both from his own researches and as a brother of the eminent French chemist.

He prosecuted numerous researches upon the physics of the globe, at an early period of his life exploring the Antilles and the volcanic islands of Africa, devoted himself to the study of meteorology and geology, bringing together an immense collection of rocks and fossils, and completed the triangulation of Guadeloupe, of which he published a map. While working up his general results a severe earthquake occurred at Point-à-Pitre, causing the death of his uncle and other members of his family, and ingulfing or destroying his collections. The shock of this calamity, and the fatigue, physical and mental, produced by it, brought about a serious indisposition, of which he was never entirely cured.

After a time, however, he undertook the investigation and analysis of rocks, and made several important discoveries, among them that of amorphous and insoluble sulphur. This was followed by other inquiries into the phenomena of melting of minerals, which enabled him to solve some interesting geological problems. At the request of Professor Élie de Beaumont, he undertook the study of volcanic phenomena, and during five or six years investigated the eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna, collecting and analyzing the gases which escaped and all the other products.

He also paid special attention to the science of meteorology, and the well-known observatory at Mont Souris was largely due to his efforts. For quite a considerable time he occupied the chair of geology in the College of France.

The practical success of the measures taken by the United States Fish Commission for the introduction of California salmon into the waters of the Mississippi Valley and of the East is becoming more and more assured, a sketch of one having just been received by the Commissioner, which was thirteen inches in length, taken at Cedar Point, Maumee Bay, on the 1st of October, by Messrs. Davis Brothers, of Toledo. This is supposed to be one of the number of young fish hatched in 1874 by the Michigan Fish Commissioners, from eggs furnished by the United States Commission, and planted by them in the river Raisin, at Monroe, Michigan.

Among the most disagreeable pests of Central and South America may be mentioned a fly of the genus *Lucilia*, which is in the habit of laying its eggs inside of the nose of man, and which, when hatched, crawls into the nasal cavities, and produces very great distress, and sometimes death. Their habits and injuries as they occur in Costa Rica have been well treated in a paper by Dr. Von Frantzius. Quite lately a species of *Lucilia*, occurring in France and Belgium, has been shown to possess a somewhat similar habit, attacking, however, the eyes of toads, the larvæ of which penetrate within, eat off the eyelids, and burrow in the face. The toads do not show any special indications of being much disturbed by these ravages, feeding and laying their eggs as usual.

Professor Clayton, after a careful survey of the Wasatch County coal-field, in the Territory of Utah, pronounces it to be of considerable importance. The field in question has three prominent veins, of which the principal one (the Hutchings) is thirty-two feet in thickness. A large proportion of the coal possesses excellent coking qualities. The location of the beds is about 7500 feet above sea-level; nevertheless they are not difficult of access.

Extensive observations show that the glaciers of Mont Blanc ceased to advance as early as 1854; that they then began to recede, some of them more rapidly than others. The diminution of the other Alpine glaciers, also, was substantiated in 1866, although there were exceptions up to a comparatively recent date. The Gorner glacier ceased to advance in 1859, while the adjoining Findelen glacier receded in 1844. At present, however, there seems to be no exception to the general diminution of the glaciers, and the variations in their rates of recession can be accounted for by local causes, such as differences in magnitude of the sources, the character of their exposure to the sun, the prevailing winds, their inclinations, accumulation of rocks, etc. As the cause of the general recession, Martins and Billy suggested the warm and dry summers of 1863, 1864, and 1865, and the light snow-fall in the corresponding winters. This suggestion Gruner has tested by an investigation of previous years, comparing the records at St. Bernard and Geneva of the temperature, amount of precipitation, and fall of snow for the twenty years preceding 1861 with those of the fifteen years since that date, and he considers that the higher average temperature and extreme dryness of the atmosphere of the last fifteen years, as compared with the twenty previous to 1861, are sufficient to account for the diminution of the glaciers. Thus at St. Bernard the increase of average temperature was more than three-quarters of a degree, and the average snow-fall was reduced to one-half. The question suggests itself whether the conditions of these changes have been confined to the Alpine regions, or if they have been general throughout Europe, and also whether the modification of the climate is permanent, or if a return of low temperature and moisture may be anticipated. The fact that during the Middle Ages the glaciers were less extended than at present seems to indicate a periodicity in the phenomena.

The subject of establishing permanent stations on the sea-coast for the more convenient prosecution of researches into the marine zoology and botany is attracting increasing attention since the great success of the Naples station under the direction of Dr. Dohrn, and the number of important researches that have been carried on there. We have already referred to the station of Professor La Caze-Duthiers at Roscoff, on the coast of France, and the proposition of the association of German naturalists and physicists to establish a similar one on the German coast. The naturalists of Holland have not been behindhand in this connection, the Zoological Association of the Netherlands at its meeting of November, 1875, having organized a plan for this purpose, and appointed a committee to carry it out. A series of buildings was therefore ordered that should admit of being removed easily from place to place in successive seasons, and of being stored away in the winter where the material would be free from the inclemency of the weather. The arrangements were completed by the first week in July, and the building placed at Helder, opposite the island of Texel, on the top of the great dike which protects the low countries behind from the inroads of the sea. The establishment was equipped with every thing necessary in the form of dredges, towing nets, swabs, etc., and eight weeks were spent in the prosecution of zoological researches, with very interesting results, ten members of the Netherlands Association being engaged in the work. Large numbers of crustaceans and other animals were secured. The absence of holothurians was especially noteworthy.

At the end of the season the buildings, which had cost about $2000 in all, were taken apart and stored at Leyden for re-erection at another point on the coast in the summer of 1877.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a most exclusive ball at the French sea-side, a young druggist's clerk approached one of the fairest and most aristocratic of the ladies, and humbly solicited the favor of a quadrille. The lady inspected him critically from his tie to his boots, and, taking her card, said, "I never, monsieur, dance with people whose names are not preceded by a 'de.' What name shall I inscribe? Monsieur—" "Monsieur Peroxide de Manganese, mademoiselle," he replied.

Stable-Keeper. "By-the-way, shall I put in an extra buffalo?"

English Blood. "Couldn't you let me 'ave an 'orse, you know? Er—er—rather not drive a buffalo first time, you know."

An Irish major recently declared in a Dublin debating society that "he was no mere political tyro, but came to the bar of public opinion armed with experience acquired in *three* hemispheres."

Fact, really!—Some Scotchmen can live on Ayr.

The cradle is the first rock we strike in the voyage of life.

Now that skating is good, the Sunday-school attendance is falling off.

An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash-clothes on the horse in the kitchen to dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl, the reply was, "Och, to be sure, ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, sure."

When the enterprising butcher's assistant "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat?

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone; "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand some money to his wife."

A Western paper, in describing an accident recently, says, with much candor, "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

"A gentleman surnamed the American Flagg," says the San Francisco *News-Letter*, "who is stopping at the Palace Hotel, was the other day the victim of a fearful outrage. It seems this gentleman, who is tall, commonly wears the highest collars ever seen in Frisco. He received a note from a firm of bill-stickers, asking if he did not wish to let out the backs of those articles for advertising."

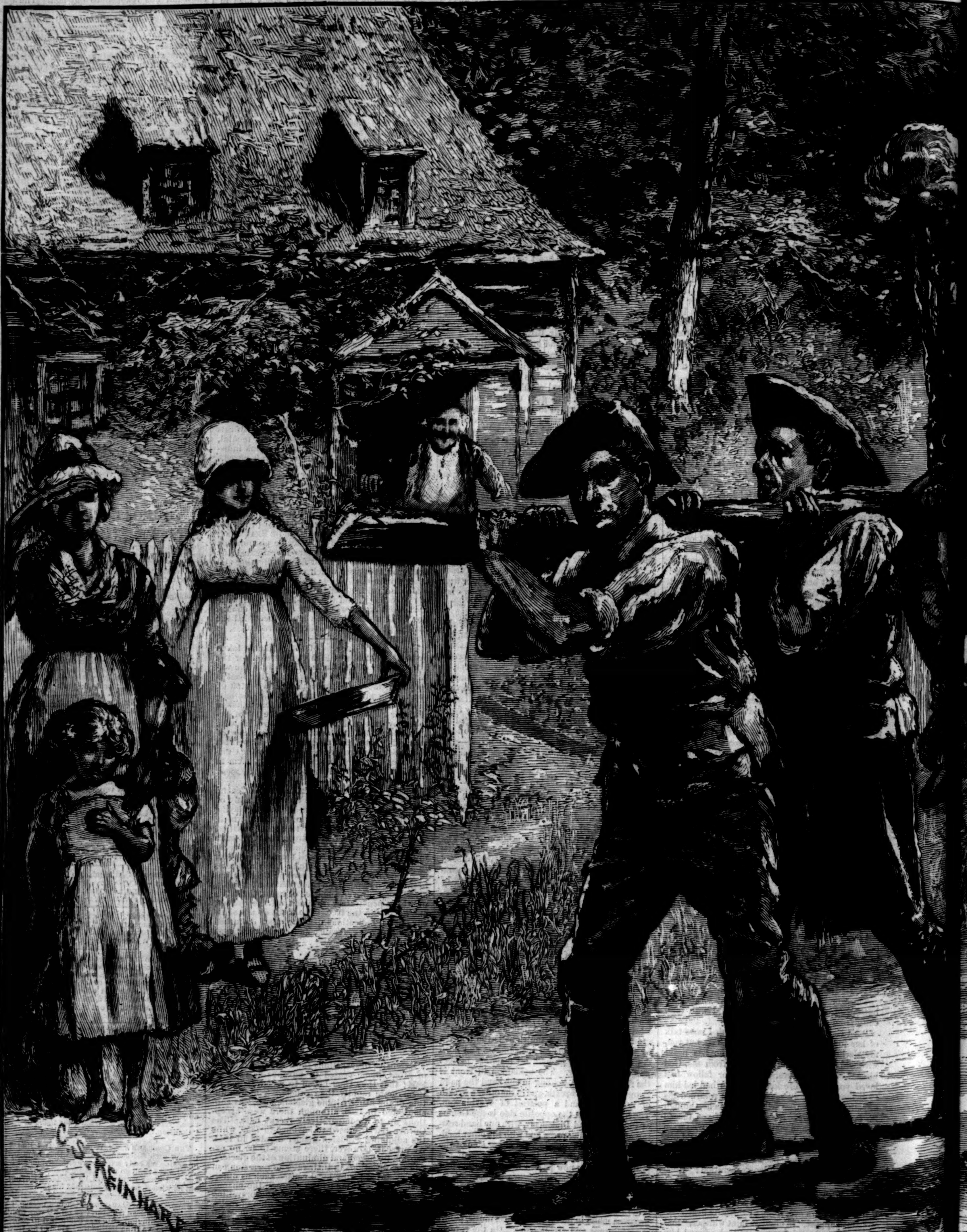
A person out West is offering for sale grass seed gathered from the path of rectitude. A religious contemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little travelled nowadays.

Spilkens always insists on spelling needle, niedle. He says every needle should have an eye in it. Sew!

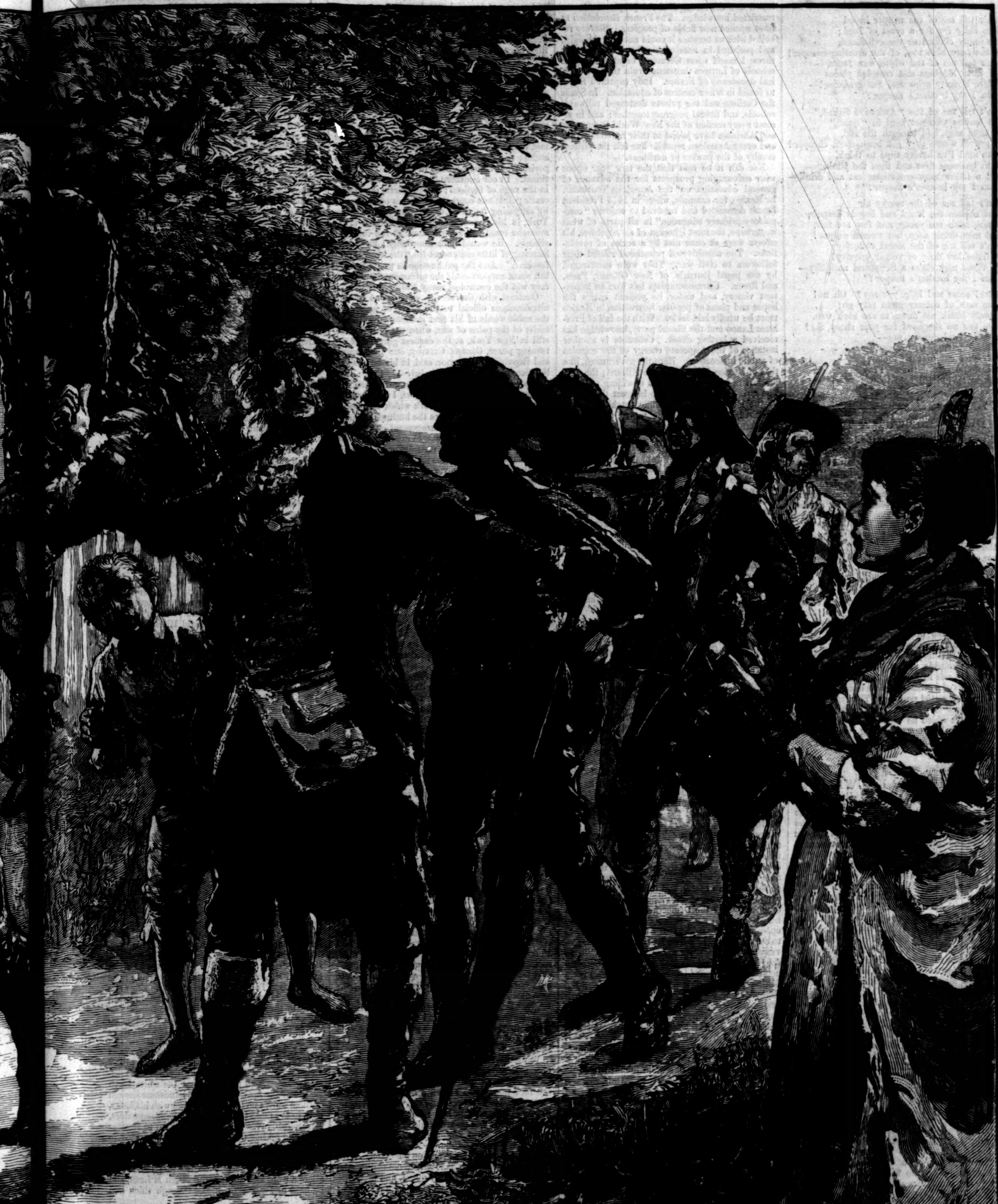
Two interesting children were amusing themselves—in childish fashion—by "playing railways." "What do you call your locomotive?" says Tom. "Carelessness," replies Harry. "What's the name of yours?" "Collision."

The Cobbler's Last Words.—"I feel that I was weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my *end;* a few more *stitches*, and all will be over; and I shall go where there is rest for the weary *sole*, and every sorrow will be *heeled*." Having said *awl* he wished, he calmly breathed his *last*.

Judging by Appearances.—On one occasion Webster, the American Senator, was on his way to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you I took you to be a highwayman.'"


C. S. REINHART

DRUMMING OUT A TORY—A REVOLUTIONAR



IONAR IDENT.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 90.]

A SONG OF THE PERIOD.

By ANNIE MATHERSON.

DON'T tell me of the pauper brood
Who daily cry for a crust of food;
The badly clothed or the evil-shoed,
Or the bare blue toes of the crossing-sweeper!
Don't tell me of the white, wan faces,
The dirty lodgings and crowded places
Where Poverty grins and Sin grimaces!—
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Don't tell me of the "Awkward Squad,"
The loafers who get kept in "quad,"
Or tired men, laid beneath the sod,
In graves where they get house-room cheaper!
Dear me! I've hardly time to think,
With business first and then the Rink,
And a fellow must sometimes eat and drink—
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Don't tell me of the murky air
That chokes the lungs and breeds despair,
Where none are young, and few are fair,
And men drink deep, but women deeper!
Don't tell me of the moral obliquity
In those low dens of vulgar iniquity!
My views may claim a Scriptural antiquity—
"Am I my brother's keeper?"

What! come and help, you say? Oh no!
Some man of coarser grain may go;
'Twould break me down to see such woe.
Have you no shepherd for your sheep, Sir?
An honest missionary, say—
A Bible-woman. By-the-way,
I'm rather out of cash to-day,
Or I would give a trifle. Pray
Look in again! I'll help to pay
To keep my brother's keeper.

DRUMMING OUT A TORY.

WHEN the British occupied the Jerseys, the Tories, feeling strong under their protection, made themselves obnoxious to the patriots in various ways. But their "little authority" was "brief" indeed, for when the English forces were withdrawn, the patriots found themselves once more in power, and they had many old scores set against the Tories, which they at once proceeded to pay off with heavy interest.

Many cases of tarring and feathering, ducking in the mill-pond, and riding the rail took place. These ceremonies were carried out with great dignity and decorum, for it was the object of the leaders to teach a lesson, to make a lasting impression upon hearts that were faintly wavering between the cause of the king and that of the colonies.

In our double-page engraving from Mr. REINHART's admirable drawing, the majestic leader represents the burgomaster of the town. He has a figure that inspires respect, and the authority that commands immediate obedience. The Tory on the rail looks as if he might have the finer feelings of a gentleman, and is deeply humiliated by his elevated position. The sympathy of the spectators is with him personally, but not for the cause which he represents. The burgomaster points him out to gaping lookers-on as who should say, "Thus do we treat all traitors to their country."

THE ENEMIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE new year opens with fresh elements of interest in the wide struggle between knowledge and its natural foes. In both hemispheres the combat rages with growing violence. On the one side, caste and corruption, papal intolerance, moral and mental weakness, unite to prevent the people from perfecting their educational schemes and rising intellectually; and on the other, the people, every where awakened, demand systems of public instruction, industrial and scientific schools, and a general diffusion of that knowledge which a hundred years ago was sedulously kept from them by their rulers. It is, indeed, the most remarkable trait of a wonderful century that the period opening with the Declaration of Independence has been the first in which the necessity of a general education has been allowed, and nations have been made their own instructors. A hundred years ago the great mass of the people every where lived, were treated, and perished like brutes. The founders of the republic declared the right of popular sovereignty, of education, and of hope; knowledge received a wonderful impulse, the energies of man were awakened as they never were before, and the advance of the human race since that decisive moment has been unequaled in all the past. The railway, telegraph, improved printing-press, and steam-engine are the fruits of popular progress and of the public school. Wherever education penetrates, the people are no longer looked upon as brutes.

And everywhere the people are clamoring for public instruction, and striking down the castes and the fixed institutions that lie in the path of knowledge. Nor can it be said that education has yet brought peace into the world; on the contrary, it has often brought bitter strife. Of the recent wars that have desolated the nations, the most fatal have been those instigated by the party of dull reaction against the party of progress, by the intolerant Roman priesthood against Protestant and liberal education, and by the friends of despotism against the friends of freedom. The fields of Europe and America have been dyed with blood in the struggle between ignorance and knowledge, and Ahriman and Oromasdes have joined in perhaps their last desperate conflict for the possession of mankind. It was the dream of the Persian poet or philosopher that the powers of light and the powers of darkness were engaged in a series of endless combats, and that the good genii of knowledge were every where contending with the fearful spirits of the night. Something of their perpetual rivalry may be detected in the chief of our modern wars. The American Revolution was the struggle of the people to win unrestricted knowledge. The French Revolution at least opened new fields of progress. Slavery rebelled with us because it could not bear the light, and perished in seas of blood. NAPOLEON III. threw himself upon Germany, because the free schools of LUTHER threatened ruin to the Jesuitical decadence of France. Italy captured Rome to found in it new centres of education. In Spain the Carlists and the priests destroyed railways, schools, and liberal progress together; and in almost every section of the New World Oromasdes and Ahriman have joined in their horrible strife, and every American republic has felt the pitiless cruelty of the powers of darkness.

Nor can it be said that the new year opens with encouraging prospects for the advance of general education on the American continent. In Mexico, for example, where in 1875 President LERDO demanded and resolved to enforce "compulsory primary education" in all parts of what is, perhaps, the most ignorant of all republics, his efforts were at once met by a series of revolutions. The uncultivated priesthood roused their followers to civil war. They were encouraged by the papal journals of New Orleans, Paris, and Rome. Ultramontanism has won an important victory, and under its present rulers the hopes and plans of popular instruction in Mexico must be wholly laid aside. With the fall of President LERDO and the liberal party, knowledge has received a lasting check. Colombia is another instance of the desperate energy of the enemies of public instruction. Here the government, like that of Mexico, is liberal and intelligent; the people lost in ignorance, but not unwilling to learn. The government proposed to instruct the nation by the latest system of public teaching; it established, where it had the power, unsectarian common schools. But the priesthood of the least educated districts at once proclaimed the scheme dangerous and impious; they called upon their followers to rise; a civil war has begun in which, as in Mexico, the friends of knowledge are arrayed against the friends of darkness, and the contest, bloody and terrible, is still in doubt. Rather than suffer their people to be educated, the priests plunged them in civil war; rather than suffer their followers to win knowledge, they have driven them to be butchered by thousands. In every other South American state a similar contest is raging, either open or concealed, and the desperate zeal of the ultramontanes, the representatives of the cause of reaction—of the sleep of perpetual barbarism—seems just now able to cope successfully with the friends of education, and to inflict upon them signal disasters.

In our own country the ultramontanes and the enemies of knowledge have been equally active. In the chief republic of the New World, the land of ADAMS, JEFFERSON, and LINCOLN, they have pierced the spirit of progress with deadly wounds. It is useless to labor to forget that in the recent election all the ignorance and barbarism of the country were leagued together to check the advance of knowledge, and have in a measure succeeded. In the Northern States the enemies of the common schools held the control of the Democratic party; the great masses of ultramontane ignorance moved in solid bodies to the polls; German and Irish Catholics united to enforce the hopes of the foreign priesthood, and to check the tide of liberal progress as effectually here as has been already done in Mexico or Spain. Happily in eighteen of the twenty-two Northern and Western States, and in all the cultivated districts of the four others, they were wholly overthrown, and wherever the common schools have brought intelligence and good sense, the advocates of reaction were utterly defeated. But they so far succeeded in the ultramontane centres that they were able to give new hopes to their desperate allies of the Southern States, and to threaten fresh disasters to the cause of knowledge. In every Southern community the Democratic leaders have labored either to destroy the common schools by open attacks, by neglect, or by abandoning them to the ultramontanes. Of Missouri, Colonel GROSVENOR, a trustworthy witness, said in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, May 29, 1875: "The Democratic party became [after 1872] more and more distinctly controlled by the Confederates and the Catholics. Repeatedly, in order to save the school system, the Independents, who still acted with the Democrats, were forced to oppose the party's candidate." In Texas the school fund has been seized and misappropriated by the Democracy. In Georgia and Alabama, Virginia and North Carolina, only a faint effort is made to save from total neglect the common-school system founded in those States by the progressive party. Only a small proportion of the whites at the South can read and write; their tyrannical masters shut out from them the hopes of progress, and drive them in ignorant masses to the polls. It is credibly stated that in some counties of Mississippi the colored people have learned to read and write, while the whites remain wholly ignorant; that the only traits of progress among the people are shown by those who have once been slaves. It is not disputed that the Southern States are generally in a condition of barbarous ignorance, yet it is from this section of the country that the reactionary party counts its majorities, and it is to the support of the Southern whites alone that Mr. TILDEN owes his chief strength. Rejected at the North by all its intelligent classes, he has found his only native constituency among the rebellious faction that is waiting, perhaps, to revive the horrors of a new insurrection at the South. President of the States recently in rebellion he may well be chosen, but never of the wiser and purer portion of the Union. And in the recent election all the resources of barbarous ignorance were employed to check the party of progress. In Mississippi, the memory of a relentless massacre; in Texas, universal lawlessness and bloodshed; in Georgia, a perfect tyranny; in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, the rifle clubs and scenes of dreadful outrage. Never was such an election held in any age or country. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande the Democratic leaders won by violence a success that has steeped their party in deeds of blood.

Such, in the three chief republics of the New World, is the threatening attitude of the party of reaction and the danger that hangs over the education of the people. In Colombia, the reactionists assail the common schools by an armed insurrection; in Mexico, they have stolen a government by force; in the United States, they threaten what they dare not execute. But in the mean time humanity and knowledge are wounded amidst the strife of factions, and seem about to perish from many portions of the American continent. In our Southern States, education is lost in the rage of factions; in the North, the Democratic politicians court the suffrages of ignorance by espousing its cause. The Governor of New York, in his recent Message, gratified his ultramontane constituents by a sneer at the common schools. He would limit knowledge; he thinks learning of little use except for "the learned professions." And the public schools would receive but scant support could the ultramontane Democracy win the control of many Northern States.

Contrast with the servile concessions of our ultramontane official to the cause of ignorance the noble words of his first predecessor. In the midst of the pains of war, when the enemy were still in New York, at the earliest glimpse of returning peace, GEORGE CLINTON, our Democratic and Republican Governor, said, in his address to the Senate and Assembly, July 11, 1782: "In the present respite from the more severe distresses and calamities of the war, I can not forbear suggesting to you a work which I conceive ought not to be deferred as the business of peace—the promotion and encouragement of learning. Besides the general advantages arising to society from liberal science, as restraining those rude passions which lead to vice and disorder, it is the peculiar duty of the government of a free State, where the highest employments are open to citizens of every rank, to endeavor, by the establishment of schools and seminaries, to diffuse that degree of literature which is necessary to the due discharge of public trusts." Wise words! "Vice and disorder" and rude and ungovernable passion prevail alone in those sections of the country where knowledge has never come. And Governor ROBINSON owes his office to the intense ignorance of his constituency and the resolution of the foreign priests to impair or to destroy the influence of the common schools.

Yet in the midst of these disasters there is a strong promise of a better era. Nowhere is there so great a body of educated voters as in our own country; nowhere have they so well performed their part. In the recent election the graduates of the common schools saved republicanism and emancipated knowledge. Murder, foul and horrible, will be extirpated from its Southern haunts; ignorance will be driven from our Northern centres. The conscience of the country has been touched; the sentiment of humanity has awakened among us. And it is quite possible that in the new era the energies of the whole nation will be turned to its own education and purification, and that the vast majority of our people, of all sects, races, creeds, and nationalities, will stand firmly on the side of Republican progress, of human equality, and of ever-advancing knowledge. Firmly and forever the republic shall stand, founded upon the common intelligence.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WE had travelled together for many a weary mile. I was on my way to my usual summer retreat in the mountains; but even before I took the stage-coach my journey by steam had exhausted me, so that I was in no humor to join in the hilarity of my fellow-travellers. We jolted and plunged and crawled over the hills to the paradise beyond; and while they talked and jested, and oh'd and ah'd, as travellers will, we kept an unbroken silence—this fellow-passenger and I—striving in vain to shut out the hubbub within by gazing upon the sweet solitude without; and the bond of sympathy between this straight, stern, soldierly, middle-aged man increased when I found that he was determined to rid himself of the good-humored confusion about him by climbing on the top of the stage.

While we were changing horses, he clambered up among luggage so considerable as to prevent the usual accommodation for deck passengers, and my face must have shown a sort of despairing envy, for he looked over and said, "There is room, if you will venture up here; but the evening air grows chill. If you are not afraid of taking cold—"

"I am afraid of nothing," I said, desperately, "but this gabble and din."

He put down his hand, and up I climbed. With his portmanteau and shawl and an old mail-bag he compassed me comfortably about, and presently the stage jolted on. I was alone with my mountains, with the night, and the stars, and my fellow-passenger, who counted for nothing, because he neither moved nor spoke: his side face was as rigid as if carved from one of the bowlders by the way-side.

It must have been five miles after this that this bit of bowlder startled me by a slight movement. I found that he was bending forward, gazing eagerly, with his whole soul in his eyes, upon the window of an old farm-house on the outskirts of the village. It was one of the upper windows, half raised, and the head of a woman appeared there in a shadow so deep that not a feature could be distinguished; but as we slowly passed, an almost convulsive sigh escaped the lips of my fellow-traveller. He raised his hat from his head. Then I plainly saw the woman's face, for it seemed to start forward suddenly, and even the dim starlight revealed a surprise upon it that almost partook of terror. No longer young, but still beautiful, that face was stamped with a melancholy so profound it haunted me. I looked at that of my companion. It was sunk upon his breast, and just then I saw the sweet young moon climbing up into the sky. And I thought what a pity it would be if he should look up and see the new moon over his left shoulder. The thought was so tormenting to me that I spoke on the impulse of the moment. "Don't, Sir," I said—"don't look over your left shoulder at the moon. Look over your right shoulder, and wish. It is a good omen, they say."

He started, paused as if to gather the meaning of what I said, then looked over his right shoulder at the moon; his face was full of a strong emotion, and his lips moved. Then he turned to me, his face melting into one of those rare smiles that are so nice because they are so few, and stretched over his hand. "Thanks," he said, and we rolled up to the door of the hotel, where Mrs. Aiken was waiting for me, with her comfortable carry-all filled with the usual parcels and packages for the farm.

But she could not find a welcome for me, so taken up was she with my fellow-passenger. Her comely, motherly face was all agape upon his straight, stiff form, as he lifted me down and said good-by, and disappeared in the corridor beyond.

"Wa'al," she said, drawing a long breath, "that's either Major Jacques or his ghost. That does beat every thing. After all these years—Lord o' mercy, if that don't go ahead!"

"And who is Major Jacques?" I said at last, finding myself the prey to a devouring curiosity. "Do, please, Mrs. Aiken, tell me who is Major Jacques?"

"Well, child, he made a sight o' trouble here a good many years ago, but I can't say as it was his fault. You may blow your lungs out sometimes to boil a kettle, and then, agin, a spark from a pipe 'll set a hay-rick in a blaze. Good Lord! I wonder if he's come after Daisy M'Lean? He'll find her a poor broken-down humbly critter now, but a purtier gal than Daisy the sun never shone upon: her skin was as white as milk, and her eyes like the stars up there, and the city folks that come out here to board christened her Daisy, though her name was Hanner—Hanner Hitchner; and spite of every thing she would go and throw herself away on Hugh M'Lean. They do say that love 'll go where it's sent, but it's a pity it should be so headstrong. Get up, Nig," pursued the farmer's wife, whipping up her horses, and, like the dear good body she was, never halting with her story. "She had plenty o' chances to settle, I needn't say. David Hitchner was a forehanded man, and there warn't chick nor child but Daisy. Judge Bates's son—he that went off to Indy or somewhere afterward—he'd 'a given his eyes for Hanner; and as for them painter chaps, they just went wild over her, and she might 'a had a dozen o' 'em, though to my mind it 'd take a baker's dozen o' them idlers to make one decent man.

"But she turned her back on the whole kit and boodle of 'em, and stuck to Hugh M'Lean. It was a dreadful spite to the Hitchners, for the M'Leans warn't thought much of hereabouts; they'd allers lived way up on the top o' the mountain, and Hugh grew up as wild as a young wolf. He raised a black colt up there, that, atween you and me, Mrs. Smith, was a spawn o' Satan: fire used to fly out o' its eyes and shake off its hoofs, and not a livin' soul could get on its back but Hugh M'Lean. As for harness—I'd like to see the harness that could hold Black Dan. It seemed as if Hugh and that colt was one piece o' stuff, for they was part and parcel o' one another, and I guess wherever one is t'other is, now; leastways it seems to me only nateral. But as much as he thought o' that colt, he used to cuff and kick it in his tantrums; and one day, when I was down to Hitchner's a-quiltin' that star-pattern patchwork for Daisy, I was lookin' out the winder, when Hugh rode up, and he got mad at suthin, and drew his whip clean across that critter's face fit to take out his eyes, and I told Mrs. Hitchner then that if it was me, I'd sooner see Hanner in her grave than belong to Hugh M'Lean. But, you see, he was as gentle as a lamb to Daisy, and allers had been since she was a leetle mite o' a thing, and he used to board down in the village to git his winter schoolin'—for you might as well be out o' the world as up on the mountain in winter; there's freshets there too in spring that shut 'em off, and Hugh was down here a good part o' his time. And he used to just own little Daisy Hitchner. It was a pretty sight to see him skating along, drawin' that little apple blossom after him on the white birch sled he made for her. He was handsome enough—there warn't no fault to be found with his looks, only to my mind handsome is as handsome does, Mrs. Smith. Wa'al, he put in a claim to Hanner then, and no boy durst stand in his way. There was my poor Zekel, he came home with a black eye only for sharpenin' her slate pencil, and Hugh hadn't a knife handy to do it with; but it was allers a word and a blow with Hugh M'Lean, and he held to Daisy right along through thick and thin.

"'Why,' he says right up to David Hitchner, 'do you s'pose I'd 'a staid around here if it hadn't been for Daisy? Don't you know I'd 'a been off to the north or the south pole afore this? It's as hard for me as it is for you, for I hate to settle down here worse than poison; but I hate worse to leave little Daisy. I can't do it, and I won't.'

"So they let 'em get married, for what else could they do? And for quite a spell there it did seem as if every thing was goin' to turn out right. Old Mr. Hitchner he made him promise not to take Daisy fur away, and give him the old place by the mill, and furnished it from top to bottom. There must 'a been nigh on to a hundred yards o' carpet in that house. I helped Mrs. Hitchner sew and color many a pound o' them rags myself. And the dimity curtains was the prettiest things, and that yaller caliker coverin' for the sofy and cheers made every thing look cheery like. Then old M'Lean, not to be behindhand, he sot 'em up with no less than thirty cows, good milkers all of 'em; and I will say for Hugh that he could get through with more work in a day than any two men I ever saw. Every thing went along as slick as could be, and Daisy went singin' about the house like a medder-lark.

"But the second summer after she was married poor Daisy took it into her head she'd hev some boarders from town—she was naterally thrifty, and had plenty o' help, and she felt somehow as if that big house was runnin' to waste. Hugh he let her hev her own way in every thing then, and was as humorsome as if she was a baby; and I never shall forget, if I live to be a hundred, the first day I laid eyes on Major Jacques, when he come down with a lot of other boarders from town. I was sittin' at Mrs. Hitchner's front winder, and the stage stopped at Daisy's door, and out got that man; and if it had been the good Lord's will that he'd been tumbled out somewhere else and broken his leg, so's he couldn't get away, a deal o' trouble might 'a been saved.

"For Hugh M'Lean kind o' scorned most city folks that come our way, and had a fashion o' smilin' at 'em in a sort o' contempt. But this Jacques was half a Frenchman, and had a deal o' fire in him; he'd been all over the world, or pretended he had, and, if you could believe him, had as many lives as a cat to lose. And Hugh 'd sit there and drink all that nonsense in by the hour together; and, for that matter, so would poor little Daisy. The major could talk a bird off a bush, and Hugh got to comin' in and findin' his little medder-lark listenin' to some tale o' the major's, her eyes perhaps full o' silly tears and her cheeks all pale with excitement.

"Soon after that, my Mirandy was teachin' school and boardin' 'round the village, and she went to M'Lean's to stay, and she told me that Daisy had stopped goin' in the room when the major was there, and got out o' his way all she could, but Hugh was as black as a thunder-cloud, and Mirandy said that Daisy and she would both be glad when the boarders all went away and never came back again.

"But this was only midsummer, and things got from bad to worse, and one night the men were out late in the hay field, and Daisy went out in the barn to help milk the cows. It was only play to her, she'd bin used to it at home, and I dare say the poor child was so sick and sad she was glad to be busy. But what must that jackanapes do but follow her out there and take the pails from her hands to bring them in! She couldn't get courage, you see, to tell him to go about his business, but if he'd had an eye in his head, he could see how things was a-goin'. Howsomever, Hugh came in at the big gate, and saw Daisy empty-fingered, walkin' along by the major's side, while he had a pail in either hand; and as the major ~~set~~ 'em down on the stone floor of the wide room, and turned with some pleasant word to Hugh, the pails went flyin' out in the stubble, the milk streamed at his feet, and Mirandy said—for she was standin' by—she never saw such a surprised look in a face before as in Major Jacques. Then he flamed up and got mad, and Hugh got madder, and if it hadn't been for Daisy, there might 'a been murder there.

"That night poor Daisy had her wish, for the city boarders were all scuttled away, and not a light was burnin' in the house at nine o'clock; but my Mirandy she couldn't sleep, and no wonder, considerin' what she'd been through, and about midnight she heard the clatter o' hoofs, and just got up in time to see Black Dan fly out the gate with Hugh on his back. Soon after that she heard a low sobbin' sound, and lookin' down, there she saw Daisy in her white gown, dippin' water out o' the pen-stock and puttin' it to her face, cryin' and sobbin' as if her heart would break.

"My Mirandy was just goin' down to her, when she heard the click o' the gate, and in walked the major, and up he went to Daisy, straight as an arrer.

"And, 'Madam,' said he, tremblin' all over, and a blaze like lightnin' in his eye, 'I've come to take you from that brute, and put you under your father's protection.'

"'Oh, you haven't told my father?' said Daisy, holding up her hands.

"'No; but I will,' said the major. 'Do you think I can look on and stand all this? Curse the scoundrel! I never had a thought of you till he put it into my head with his brutality. But now he'll find I care enough about you to shield you from harm. Come, Mrs. M'Lean, put a shawl about you, and come with me to your father's house. I'll deal with him when he comes back.' Then, if you'll believe me, that poor child fell to begging the major not to tell her father, and declarin' she'd rather die at Hugh's hands than live away from him.

"'Do you love him so, my poor baby?' said the major.

"'As God is my judge, I love him better than my own life,' said Daisy. 'I will stay. I am not afraid.'

"Then the major turned upon his heel and went out the gate, and Hugh M'Lean was brought home the next day with a broken spine. He and Black Dan had rolled down a gully together, and they had to shoot the beast, to get him out of his agony; and they do say that but for Major Jacques, Hugh would 'a died there, for the major was the one that found him. He was a good rider, you see, and could make his way where others would be afraid. And something he said to Hugh made him gentle as a lamb. All the way home he held his hand in his, and was with him after the doctor left. Hugh fell into a kind of faint. When he opened his eyes, they fell upon the major; and Mirandy said that Daisy was on the other side o' the bed.

"'So I'm goin' to die,' said Hugh. 'Well, I'm ready.' And then he put Daisy's hand in the major's. 'Take care of her,' he said.

"'But you're not goin' to die,' said the major. "You're to live, the doctor says.'

"'To live!' said Hugh. 'So much the worse. In that case, major, get away, for God's sake. I think it's best.'

"'Just as you say, Hugh,' said the major.

"'I think it's best,' said Hugh; and the major went away that mornin', and from that day to this nobody has laid eyes on him.

"And the judgment of God was sore on Hugh M'Lean. He lay in that bed for seven long years, and Daisy never left him night nor day, save when he'd free her to go, and, if you'll believe me, that girl never seemed happy out o' his sight; and my Mirandy said it used to make her cry to see the way Hugh M'Lean followed her about with his big fierce eyes, that had plenty o' fire in them yet for every body but Daisy. Mirandy actually got to likin' Hugh; and I never dared say a word about that night nor the bruise on Daisy's cheek to Mrs. Hitchner, though I've been that burnin' to sometimes that I've had to jump up and run out o' the room. And now the old woman's dead and buried this three years, and Mr. Hitchner he went afore she did. Hugh outlived 'em all; and a queer thing when he died: he wanted to be buried by his horse Dan, and there they lie, up on the mountain together; and Mirandy says that Daisy's sworn to be put on t'other side. It's fit to make the shivers creep down one's back, the hull o' it. And there she's lived ever since, all alone in the old house, save when school is keepin' and Mirandy's there. And yonder may be the major's ghost; but if it ain't, it's Major Jacques himself. Queer, ain't it?"

"Very queer," I said; and just then we drove in at the open gate.

The very next morning, as I was gathering grasses a mile or two below, I saw a tall straight form approaching me, his head bent, his eyes upon the ground. I could not step aside, for a ditch was there.

So he raised his eyes, and his face lighted up with that rare smile of his.

"God bless your womanly heart!" he said. "It *was* a good omen; and the next time I see a new moon over my right shoulder, I shall wish for your happiness, with, I hope, the same success that I did last night for my own."

CHINAMEN AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE scene depicted on our first page is always witnessed on the arrival of the steam-ships from China. John knows all the "tricks that are vain," and is an expert hand at eluding the vigilance of the revenue officers. To get even with them, the Chinamen are put ashore in lots of forty or fifty, men and women together, and are driven, with scant ceremony, into a space inclosed by a stout rope and guarded by policemen. There they are compelled to open their trunks, chests, sacks, and baskets, and display the contents before the inquisitive eyes of the inspectors. Silks, opium, and ivory articles are generally concealed on the person by these crafty fellows, and if suspicion is aroused, they have to disrobe. The search is rigorous, and generally results in a rich harvest for the Custom-house.

The steamers sometimes bring a thousand or more of these people, and as soon as the revenue officers have turned them loose, all the vehicles in town are employed, under the direction of the agents of the several companies, in carrying them and their effects to the Chinese quarters. The small vignette shows a load of these newly arrived immigrants going to their new home.

FIGHTING THE ICE IN THE DELAWARE.

EVERY severe winter clogs the Delaware with ice, rendering navigation difficult, and sometimes, as at present, almost impossible. The city of Philadelphia has, in order to meet the difficulty, built at different times three steamboats of peculiar model and great power, which it was fondly hoped would keep the harbor open in spite of the most brilliant efforts of Jack Frost. The oldest of the three, "City Ice-boat, No. 1," is nearly forty years old, and is still an able ice-butter. "No. 3," shown in our picture on page 92, is the newest and largest. Her hull is of iron, the bow so fashioned that it rides up slightly on very heavy ice, breaking it into great cakes, which progress farther toward pulverization under the grinding power of the wheels. The track thus broken is a very wide one, through which steam-vessels coming astern can follow with ease and safety, but no great speed. Two of the ice-boats are sometimes kept at work together for many hours in "the Horseshoe," a tortuous part of the river about eight miles below Philadelphia, and opposite the naval station on League Island. The "shoe" is the most troublesome part of the job. Once through that, a wonderful decrease of profanity is always observable on ice-bound vessels.

Each of the ice-breakers is furnished with independently acting high-pressure engines, one to each wheel, thus insuring great ease in turning and moving freely. They go with ease through the heaviest ice, and persons are frequently seen skating and disporting upon the ice close to the thundering, crashing monsters, the appearance of which on a very cold day, with the immense clouds of steam mingling with the black smoke of the bituminous coal, and boldly rushing upon hummocks and miniature bergs apparently as solid as the Broadway pavement, a fleet of belated steam-ships following after the battering-ram, is one of the most impressive scenes imaginable.

With all their power and industry, however, the ice-king has had the best of it this winter, as the river has been practically closed for several weeks to all sailing craft, the numerous river tugs being unable to tow any thing even through the channel of the ice-breakers.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

Sunday,	4.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	11.—Quinquagesima.
Wednesday,	14.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	18.—First Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	21.—Ember-day.
Saturday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	25.—Second Sunday in Lent.

A PLATFORM was built in the church of Newburyport, Massachusetts, where WHITEFIELD lies buried, directly over the great preacher's remains, for the use of Mr. E. P. HAMMOND, the evangelist, and his choir. This association of the sainted dead with the Christian labors of the living reminds one of JOHN WESLEY'S preaching from his father's tombstone. Mr. HAMMOND'S work has been very successful in this old Massachusetts town. Eight churches have united together; the crowds in attendance have been so large that the evening services have been adjourned to the City Hall. A correspondent of the *Evangelist* reports that "those who are best acquainted with the history of Newburyport are sure that such scenes have not been witnessed since the days of WHITEFIELD."

The recent Constitutional Convention held in New Hampshire has proposed two important religious changes. The first strikes out the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights. All religious bodies are thereby placed on an equal footing before the law. The second abolishes the religious test as a qualification for office. This test prescribed that the Governor and all members of the Legislature should be of the Protestant faith; practically it has been a dead letter for a long time. A third amendment forbids the appropriation of public moneys for sectarian uses. The Constitution as modified will no doubt be accepted by the people of the State.

As the result of the interest created in Chicago by Mr. MOODY'S preaching, the churches of that city are receiving large accessions to their numbers. On a recent Sunday the First Presbyterian, of which the Rev. A. E. KITTRIDGE is pastor, added to its roll of members 161 persons. This is but one instance. Churches of other denominations show like signs of prosperity.

The English papers speak in high terms of the charities of the late Sir TITUS SALT, the first producer of the woolen fabric known as alpaca. At the settlement founded by him near Bradford—Saltaire—he built 820 dwelling-houses for his working-people, which were occupied by 4389 persons. To these he added a Congregational church, day schools, a Sunday-school building at a cost of £10,000, baths and wash-houses, a hospital and infirmary, and forty-five almshouses for widows. The almshouses were provided with lawns and shrubbery, and weekly stipends were paid to their occupants. In 1871 Sir TITUS gave to the people of Saltaire a park of fourteen acres, and, shortly after, a building to be used as a club and institute. Seldom has there been such an example of the judicious use of great wealth in works of charity. In manner, Sir TITUS was impassive and reserved.

The clergy of Prussia have a social duty imposed on them which is peculiar to that kingdom. It is that of reconciliation, if practicable, of parties who contemplate applying to the courts for divorce. Every demand of legal divorce must be preceded by an appeal to this peace tribunal. The law on this subject dates from 1844, and has been a practical success. In the seven old Prussian provinces, which have a population of 17,000,000, there were in 1873 7325 couples that desired separation; in 1874 there were 7430. In 1873 there were, out of the whole number, 2829 couples reconciled; in 1874, 2688. These reconciliations appear to be mostly permanent: in 1873 only about 600 couples appeared before clergymen for the second time; in 1874, about 500. In every case the parties first appear separately before the clergyman, and afterward together.

Mr. LEWIS E. JACKSON, who has for years given close attention to the religious statistics of New York, has compiled the following table: The Baptists of the city number 39 churches and 12,351 communicants; the Congregationalists, 5 churches and 1206 communicants; the Episcopal Methodists, 50 churches and 10,668 communicants; the Protestant Episcopalians, 60 churches and 16,568 communicants; the Presbyterians, 40 churches and 16,994 communicants; the Reformed (Dutch), 14 churches and 5299 communicants. Missions and other Protestant churches represent about 9000 communicants. There are in New York 396 Protestant churches and missions. The Protestant population of the city hardly exceeds 500,000.

Messrs. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, EDMUND QUINCY, and other trustees who hold the Old South Church of Boston until the cost of its purchase is paid, have issued an appeal for funds, which must all be in hand by the 1st of April next. The associations of the old church are indeed precious. "It was in this building," says the appeal, "that Chief Justice SEWELL, with great Christian magnanimity, supplicated for mercy on the Lord's day, in open congregation, for having under the popular delusion condemned to death the innocent Salem witches; it was here that FRANKLIN was baptized on the day of his birth, and it was here he worshiped with his parents. At its door the band of Mohawks sounded the war-whoop as they rushed to the wharf where lay the tea ships. The very ground is historical; it is the oldest historical spot on the peninsula, for it formed a part of the homestead of our patriarch, our first Governor—the wise and patient and disinterested WINTHROP." The preservation of this venerable church will be as much a benefit to the nation as to the city of Boston.

The one name now upon the lips of all Englishmen interested in State Church affairs is that of the Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH, vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, in the diocese of Rochester. Mr. TOOTH has been "inhibited" by Lord PENZANCE, the ecclesiastical judge of the province of Canterbury, that is, forbidden to perform official functions. Mr. TOOTH has disregarded the inhibition, and has persisted in the practices, called ritualistic, with which he is charged. The London *Guardian* thus describes Mr. TOOTH'S form of service: "During the offertory hymn the celebrant censed the altar, his vestment being at the same time raised by the layman who stood behind him. The celebrant then handed the incense to the thurifer, who proceeded to cense him, and who afterward took his place on the south side of the altar, swinging the incense toward the altar. While saying the consecration prayer the celebrant's vestment was again raised, and at the consecration of the elements the bell of the church was rung and incense used. After consecrating the chalice, the celebrant elevated it conspicuously, the whole congregation kneeling. During the singing of the *Agnus Dei*, which followed, incense was again used, until the south side of the chancel was filled with it, and gradually it permeated the whole building." The English papers are giving much attention to this case. The question now asked is, "Will Mr. TOOTH be imprisoned for contempt of court?"

The Rev. EDWARD W. BENSON, Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, has been appointed bishop of the new see of Truro, which embraces the county of Cornwall. Dr. BENSON is known as a moderate High-Churchman, and was one of the contributors to the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible." It is now proposed to make a diocese of Liverpool out of the see of Chester. An endowment of £100,000 is asked for, and it is thought will be quickly made up.

The question whether the basis of fraternity adopted by the Northern and Southern joint commissions last summer, and which was so acceptable in the North, would be equally acceptable in the South, is by this time definitely settled. The Southern Conferences, as they successively meet, express approval with great unanimity. The North Georgia Conference declares its "profound gratitude to God for endowing His servants the Commissioners with wisdom to formulate the existing sentiments of fraternity in language at once honorable to both Churches and acceptable to this Conference."

There are in England and Wales 1769 school boards, acting for 12,816,461 persons, or six-elevenths of the whole population. The boards are most numerous in the cities and boroughs; they will therefore, under the provisions of the compulsory education law, largely control city and borough education. The compulsory law requires the school boards, or "school attendance committees" where there are no boards, to send children whose education is neglected to some certified school. In rural parishes this law will fill up the Church schools; in cities and borough towns, the Board schools.

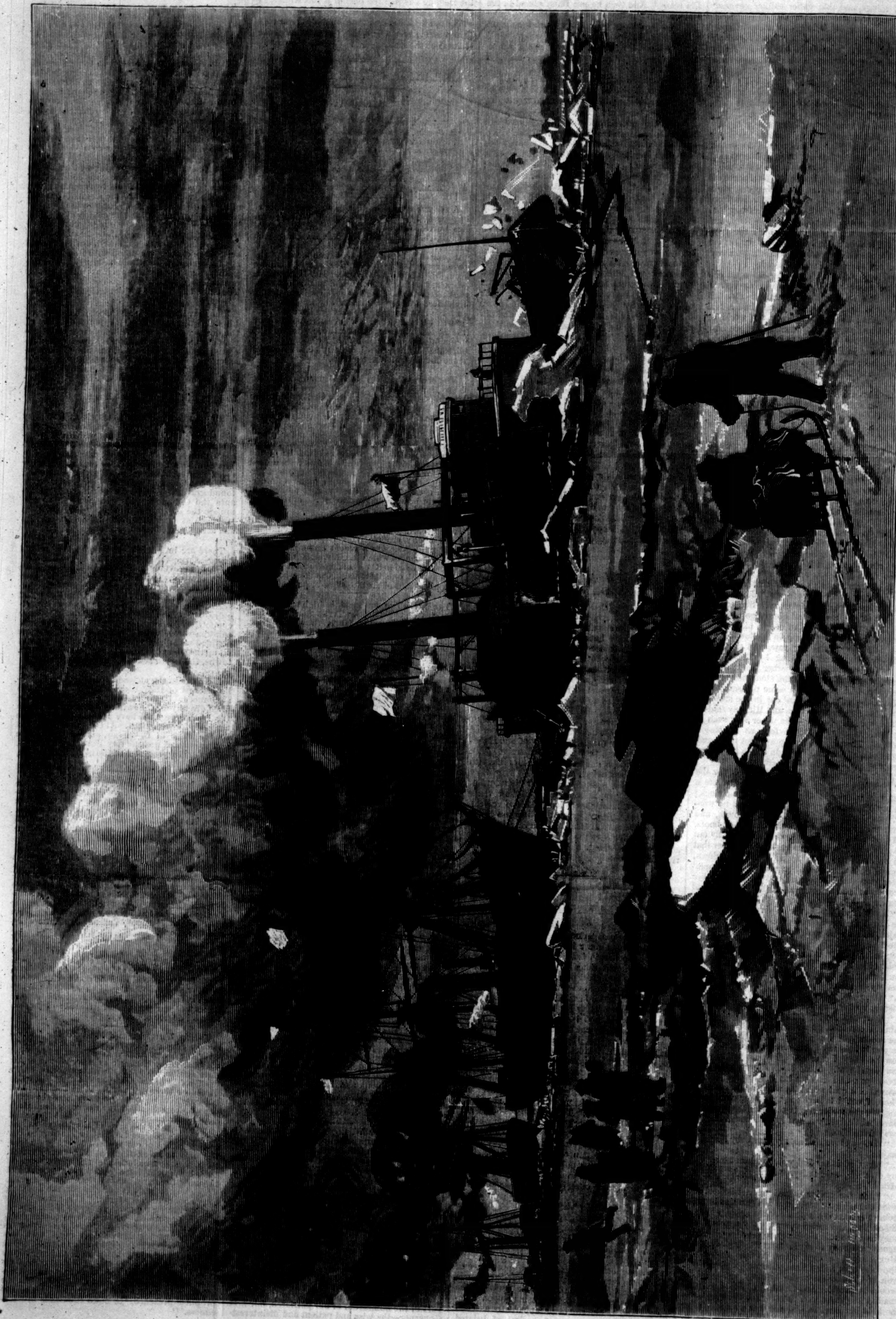
A change in the attitude of the Roman Catholic bishops of Italy toward the government is announced. Those recently appointed have applied directly for the royal exequatur. Hitherto the Italian prelates have refused to recognize the state to this extent. At the Consistory held by the Pope in December, among the twelve bishops named was the Rev. JOHN L. SPALDING, of Louisville, promoted to the new see of Peoria, Illinois.

Circulars from Rome have already been received in the United States calling for contributions to the Vatican Exposition, which will open May 21. On that day the Pope will, if he lives, complete the fiftieth year of his episcopate. It seems probable that the contributions of American Catholics will be in money.

The progress of Christianity in India receives a fresh illustration in the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church has organized there a second Conference, the South Indian. It consists of twenty-four preachers, and takes in both Bombay and Calcutta. The public meetings of the Conference, held at Bombay in November, were attended by Hindoos, Parsees, Mohammedans, and Christians.

A religious body not much known, but very active, is the Church of the Seventh-day Adventists. They have at Battle Creek, Michigan, a publishing house, college, and health reform institution. Another publishing house is located at Oakland, California. In circulating the issues of their press the Adventists display an unusual degree of energy.

Bishop WHIPPLE, in a letter to the *Churchman* of January 13, complains of our new treaty with the Sioux Indians as a flagrant breach of national faith. Being a member of the Sioux Commission, he speaks with authority. The chief points of the new compact are, that, when placed on their reservation, these Indians shall labor or have no government rations, that each one who complies with the necessary conditions shall have a title to his land, and that they shall be governed by the laws of the United States. The bishop charges the last Indian war to our own disregard of our promises. We make treaties only to break them at pleasure. SITTING BULL was not included in the agreements of 1868, but might have been kept peaceful had there not been great blundering. Dr. WHIPPLE, whose whole heart is enlisted for the Indians, thus concludes his story: "The peace policy would have been a perfect success if the system had been reformed. Even without government, without law, without personal protection in property and life, it has done more than was done in any previous period of our history. One thing I beg of all Christian men: to pray God to incline the heart of the nation to deal righteously with the scattered remnant of the Indian nations under their charge. I ask brethren in the ministry to preach such a revival as the old prophets preached, 'to undo the bands of wickedness.'"



BREAKING THE ICE BLOCKADE IN THE DELAWARE RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 91.]
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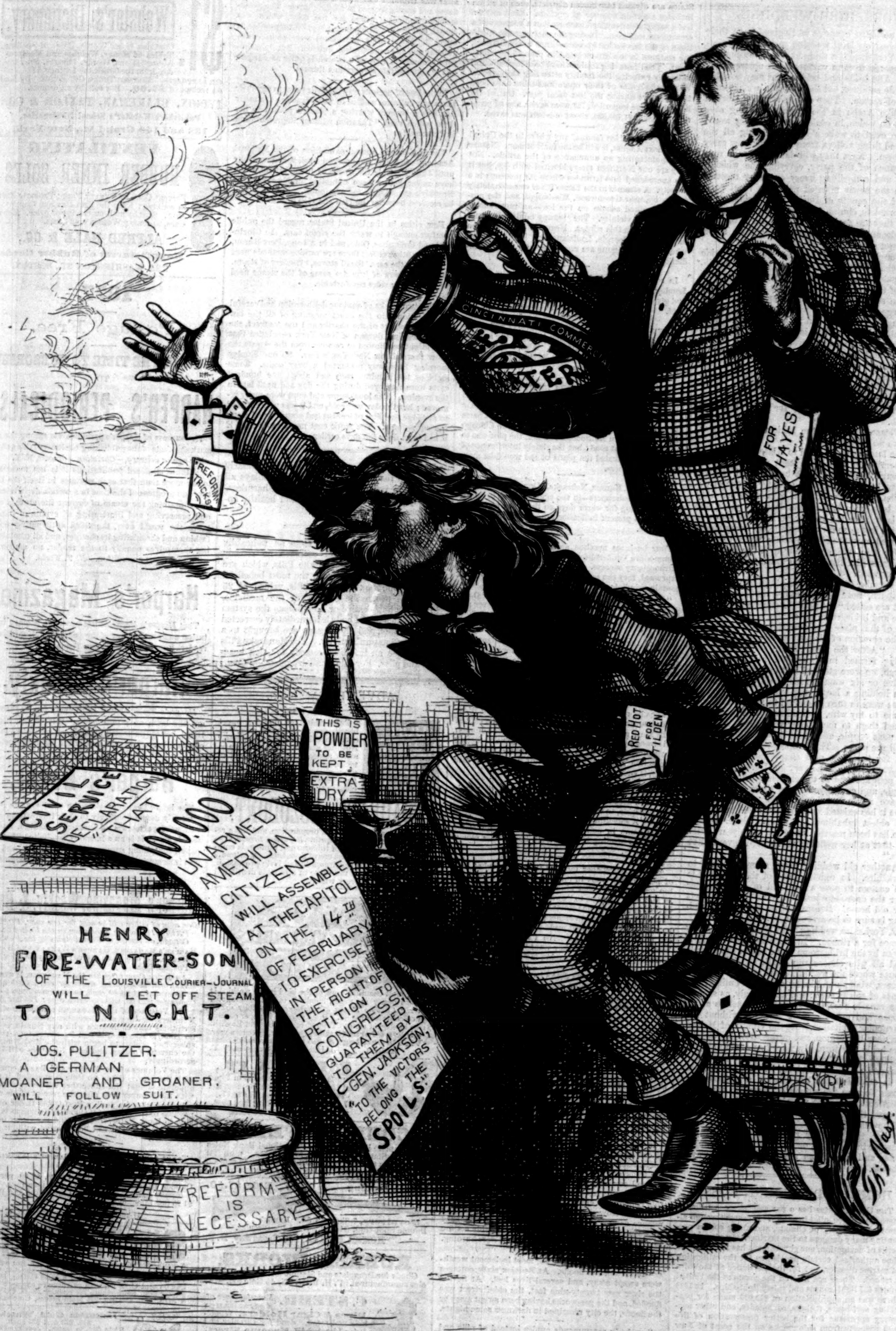
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HENRY FIRE-WATTER-SON OF THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL WILL LET OFF STEAM TO NIGHT.
JOS. PULITZER. A GERMAN MOANER AND GROANER. WILL FOLLOW SUIT.
REFORM IS NECESSARY
Th: Nast

FIRE AND WATER MAKE VAPOR.

WHAT A COOLING OFF WILL BE THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!

YORKSHIRE WEDDINGS.

The northern counties of England have their own exclusively local wedding customs. A wedding in Yorkshire is a thing to see. Nothing can be compared to it in wildness and obstreperous mirth. The bride and bridegroom may possibly be a little subdued, but their friends are like men bereft of reason. They career round the bridal party like Arabs in the desert, galloping over ground on which, in cooler moments, they would hesitate even to walk a horse, shouting all the time, and firing volleys from the guns they carry with them. Next they will dash along the road in advance of the party, carrying the whiskey bottle, and compelling every one they meet to pledge the newly married pair. In rural parts also of the county of Durham, the bridal party is escorted to church by men armed with guns, which they fire again and again, close to the ears of bride and bride-maids, terrifying them sometimes not a little.

Through Cleveland, he who gives the bride away claims the first kiss in honor of his temporary paternity. One clerical gentleman in this part of the world, supposed to be good authority on the subject, declares, however, that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot; and although he will not own to having ever availed himself of it, he is acquainted with an old north-country clergyman who never failed to do so. A story is told of another clergyman, a stranger in the country, who, after performing a marriage ceremony in a country village of Yorkshire, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something more.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked at length.

"Please, Sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Molly."

The late Dr. Ranie used to relate how the vicar of Merrington invariably kept up the custom. Although one of the most bashful and retiring of men, he looked upon the matter as one of obligation, and nerved himself to perform his duty with heroism. Within the last ten years one fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the south of England, so undoubtedly reckoned upon the clerical salute that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative, and bestowed a kiss upon the much-amazed south-country vicar.

A singular custom still exists in the village of Whitburn, near Sunderland—that of sending what are called "hot pots" to church to meet the bride and bridegroom on coming out. A gentleman of that place thus describes what took place on the occasion of his own marriage a few years ago. "After the vestry scene, the bridal party having formed in procession for leaving the church, we were stopped in the church by a row of five or six women ranged on our left hand, each holding a large mug with a cloth over it. These were in turn presented to me, and handed by me to my wife, who, after taking a sip, returned them to me. They were then passed to the next couple, and so on in the same manner to all the party. The composition in these mugs was for the most part simply horrible; one or two very fair, and one very good indeed. These hot pots are sent to the church by all classes of people, and considered a very great compliment. I have never heard of the custom elsewhere. Here it has existed as far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant. An aged fisherwoman, who has been married some sixty-five years, tells me that at her wedding there were seventy hot pots."

Another old wedding usage seems confined to Yorkshire. In remote parts of the county it is the custom to pour a kettleful of boiling water over the door-step just after the bride has left her old home. Before it dries up another wedding is sure to be arranged.

A Yorkshire wedding is by rights wound up by a race for a ribbon. In Cleveland this ribbon is given by the bridegroom as he leaves the church, and all who choose run for it in sight of the house where the wedding feast is held. All the racers, winners and losers alike, are entitled to a glass of spirits each; and accordingly, as soon as the race is over, they present themselves at the house and ask for their 'lowance without any particular invitation. At the village of Melsonby, near Darlington; and in the adjoining district, the bride was formerly placed as a winning-post, holding the ribbon in her hand, and the winner claimed a kiss on receiving it. On one occasion it is said that the bride, being a Methodist, refused to give the ribbon. There was much dissatisfaction through the place, and the youths revenged themselves after the traditional manner of punishing stingy brides—they fired the stithy at her, that is, they placed a charge of gunpowder in the stith, or anvil, of the blacksmith's shop, and fired it as she passed on her way to church.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The United States has a sea and lake coast-line of more than 10,000 miles in extent. It passes through almost every variety of climate, and along shores presenting many dangers to the mariner. In view of the perils of navigation, our government has from time to time authorized certain provisions for the mitigation of marine disaster, and for the assistance of the shipwrecked. There are now on the coasts of the United States 637 light-houses and thirty light-ships. In 1848 there was an appropriation of $10,000 made for providing surf-boats, rockets, carronades, and other necessary apparatus for the better preservation of life and property from shipwrecks on the coast of New Jersey lying between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor. In 1871 Congress appropriated $200,000 to increase the operations of the life-saving service, and authorized the employment of experienced surf-men at such places as might be deemed necessary. The service was thoroughly reorganized, new stations were established, and improved life-saving apparatus adopted. At present the sea and lake coasts of the United States are divided into eleven districts, each of which includes a certain number of stations. Each district has a superintendent, and each station a keeper and a crew of six surf-men. During the past year the operations of the service have been confined to six districts, the stations in the others being in process of equipment. The life-saving stations have been instrumental in largely reducing the fatality attending shipwrecks. Within the limits of their operations there have been 108 disasters during the last fiscal year. Out of 751 lives that were imperiled, 729 were saved, and of property valued at $1,730,538, about one-half was saved.

If there is an "ice famine" any where in the United States next August, it will be the fault of man. Nature is manufacturing an abundance of the article. Not only are our Northern rivers blocked with ice, but it has encroached into latitudes where its presence is a novelty. A steamer in the Yazoo River was completely frozen up, near Greenwood, Mississippi, and the passengers walked ashore on the ice—an unparalleled event in that vicinity. The "sunny South" does not count for much this winter. Heavy snows have fallen in Tennessee, Georgia, Louisiana, and in other States where the inhabitants are unprepared for such an infliction.

In consequence of some increase of small-pox in London, Queen Victoria has been herself vaccinated, and given orders for the vaccination of the royal household.

Over a million dollars' worth of property will probably be destroyed by the great fire in one of the Lykens Valley colleries, in Pennsylvania. About 800 miners were thrown out of employment by this fire, which at this time is still in progress.

No punishment would seem too severe for those wretches who wreck and rob trains of cars. Several plots to plunder railroad passengers by means of some horrible disaster have been detected in different parts of the country. One of the latest was on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, or, rather, the plot was to culminate on that road; but the timely interference of a detective frustrated the plans of the would-be murderers and robbers.

In Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, etc., tons of young grasshoppers—in the egg—are said to be patiently waiting for warm days so that they can hatch out. From present indications they will have to wait some time.

Four business maxims are attributed to the late Commodore Vanderbilt as the basis and secret of his extraordinary success. Quaintly and ungrammatically expressed, they can not fail to arrest the attention, and contain principles worthy to be remembered:

"Don't never sell what you haven't got." "Don't never buy what you can't pay for." "Don't never put it into any man's power to ruin you." "Keep your mouth shut."

Six of the bodies of the Shinnecock Indians who were lost with the *Circassian* were recovered, and the funeral services were held in the little Presbyterian church in the Indian village. There was a large attendance from the surrounding country, for the dead men were universally esteemed.

It has been decided by the trustees of the East River Bridge to use crucible steel for the wire of the cables. Many are of opinion that Bessemer steel is good enough and strong enough; but there is a more general feeling of certainty in regard to the strength and durability of crucible steel. We surely want a perfectly safe bridge, if such a one can be made.

During the sleighing season hundreds of people have been accustomed to gather on South Avenue, in Poughkeepsie, to witness trials of the speed of trotting horses. A shocking accident recently occurred. Two sleighs came in collision; the thill of each sleigh pierced the meeting horses. Both horses died almost immediately.

A Texas newspaper informs its readers what kind of people they want in that State. They have twice too many doctors, and nine times too many lawyers. In fact, they propose to "swap off" lawyers at the rate of forty lawyers for one Northern farmer. They would like a few more *good* preachers, and a great many *less poor ones*. But the great want is farmers; "five million good farmers" will receive a welcome within the borders of Texas. But they want "early-rising, hard-working, sober, good-managing men."

In Germany seats and desks in school-houses are so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

The Congressional Library has grown to immense proportions. The last annual report of the librarian shows the number of bound volumes to be over 311,000, to say nothing of about 100,000 pamphlets. No less than 17,590 bound volumes have been added during the past year, there having been 14,882 entries in the copyright department.

In Ohio the laws require that the heating apparatus of cars shall be so constructed that the fire shall be immediately extinguished if the cars are thrown from the track and overturned, and it is unlawful for any railroad company in the State to allow cars upon its roads which do not comply with this requirement. In this connection arises an interesting and important question: How shall cars be *lighted* at night, so as to remove danger of conflagration in case of accident? Kerosene, so commonly used, would probably set fire to overthrown cars, if lamps filled with it were burning.

Spain has been experiencing most inclement weather—cold, rain, and floods. At Badajoz sixty cottages were swept away, and several lives lost. At Seville the river rose twenty-nine feet, the chief street was flooded, and the gas-works having been swept away by the floods, the city remained in darkness some nights.

Somebody recommends apples instead of pills and bitters, and says he saves nearly all doctors' bills in his large family by keeping a barrel of good apples within reach of every body in the house.

At Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a short time ago, there was a narrow escape from a fearful disaster in the St. Mary's Catholic church. The light drapery with which the altar was trimmed caught fire, and in an instant the flame and smoke seemed to fill the church. The panic-stricken audience rushed for the door, which was closed, and the crowd against it made it impossible to open it. Fortunately the flames were soon extinguished and the congregation quieted. But light drapery around the altar of a church is quite as dangerous as combustible scenery in a theatre.

In the line of persons waiting their turns to pay their taxes at a collector's office in San Francisco the other day was a woman wearing a placard pinned to her dress which read, "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny."

The fifty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open on April 3, and continue until June 2. Only the works of living artists which have never before been exhibited in New York or Brooklyn are eligible for admission. Paintings will be received between the 12th and 17th of March.

Few cities in the United States regard the public comfort enough to warm the street cars. In Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, and in Albany, Port Huron, and some other cities, there are various methods used for heating the cars. Small stoves, cylinders of steam, and heated bars of iron are some of the means used for making car rides comfortable.

After two weeks of anxious deliberation and careful investigation into the exact meaning of all the law upon the subject of the charter and the contract, the Street-cleaning Bureau of New York concluded that they might be allowed to remove from the streets the snow that fell on New-Year's Day. So one Sunday morning Broadway presented a busy scene. Some eight or ten hundred men and about five hundred carts were employed during the day and until late in the evening. The loose snow and mud were easily removed; but the day was cold, and it was no light task to dislodge the piles of ice that had accumulated along the curb-stones. The work cost much more than if it had been done ten days earlier.

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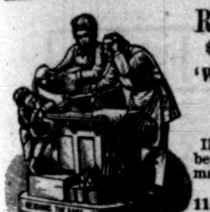

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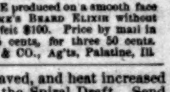

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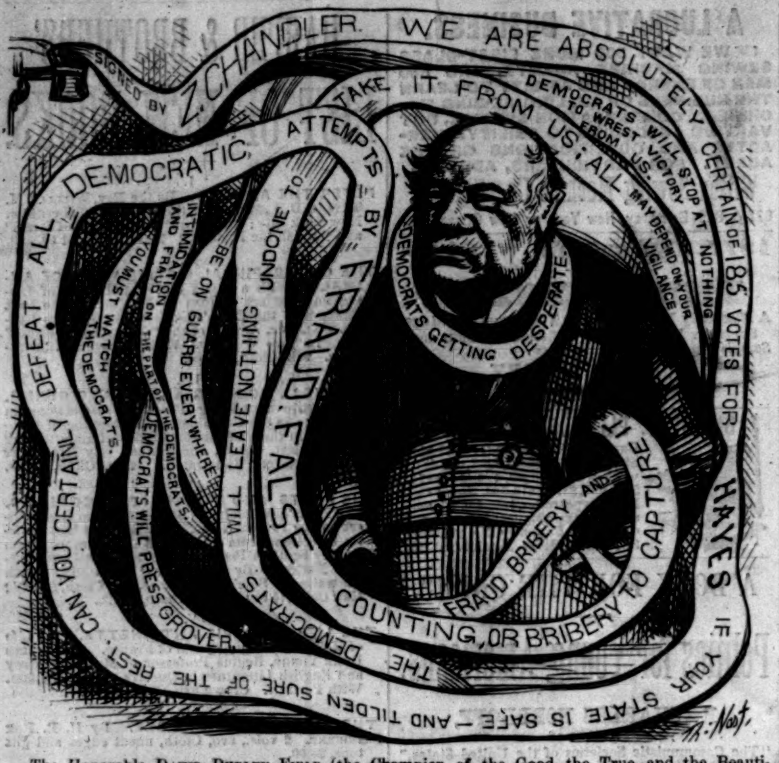
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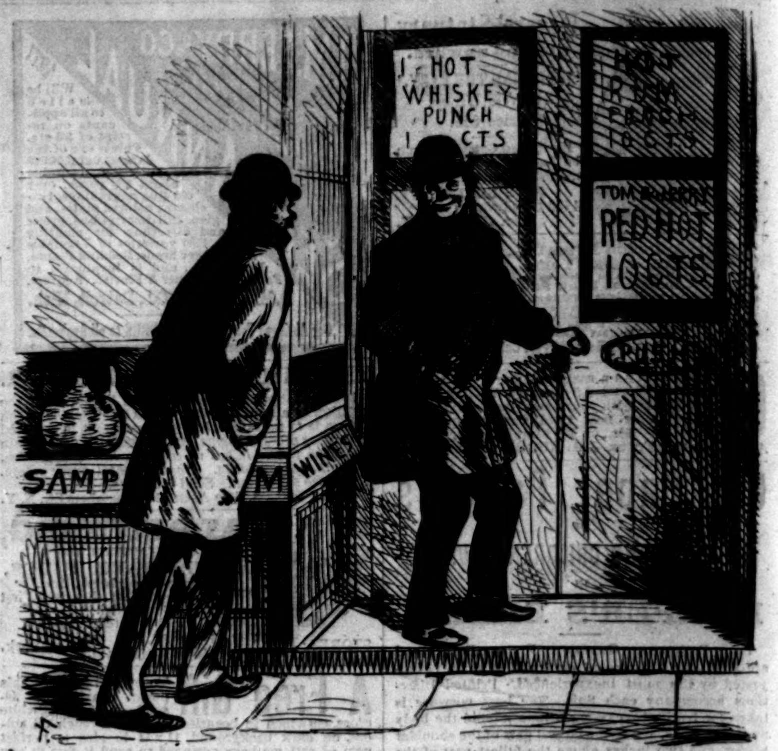

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WALLACE'S

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The Geographical Distribution of Animals. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as Elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In Two Volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.

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To Mr. Wallace we are largely indebted for the momentous changes that have been brought about in our knowledge of animals and plants. From his youth he has been an industrious observer, a diligent student of Nature, and an original explorer in regions seldom visited by naturalists; and while general readers have to thank him for some of the most charmingly written books of travel that we possess, by scientific men he is respected as the joint originator, with Mr. Darwin, of the theory of "Natural Selection," and as one of the foremost and most original of modern zoologists. It would not, therefore, be easy to estimate too highly the importance and value of a work like the present, in which Mr. Wallace has given us the results of his long experience in research and observation, and in which he has used this superabundance of materials to lay the foundations of the various new departments of knowledge, to which a more enlightened study of zoology and geography is rapidly leading us. * * * To naturalists Mr. Wallace's book needs no recommendation. To the general reader it may and ought to be commended for its intrinsic value, and for the enormous mass of interesting information which it gives.—*Examiner*, London.

Mr. Wallace has brought out a work that places his fame on a permanent basis, and which entitles him to the warmest admiration and the lasting gratitude of all lovers of truth and intelligence. The amount of valuable matter he has here brought together, classifying and arranging it in the most correct and orderly manner, is something that does not merely border on the marvelous, for it *is* marvelous.—*Boston Traveller.*

The regular student of zoology will find a great deal more in this book than we have noticed. Along with the distribution of mammalia, Mr. Wallace describes that of birds. It exhibits many curious and interesting peculiarities, which are to be explained and reconciled with the general scheme. An account is also furnished, in each region and subregion, of the reptiles, fishes, insects, and mollusks, but these are less relied upon for proofs of the argument. In his "Geographical Zoology," which occupies much of the second volume, the author supplies for reference a systematic revision of all the families and genera of the vertebrate classes, and some groups of insects and mollusks, with their local distribution, forming a counterpart to the main subject of his book. A chapter on the means of dispersion and migration, which most readers will find only too short, is prefixed to the history of the zoological regions. But Mr. Wallace's labors can not fail to be highly useful, and what he shows us is not less delightful, apart from its value as a contribution to the "Darwinian" theory.—*Saturday Review*, London.

Mr. Wallace has made every lover of natural history his debtor for the first great work on zoology that may be studied with unflagging interest. He has robed the subject in garments of truth and made it a profitable and delightful study. He has to a very great extent disrobed it of the myths and mysteries with which ignorance and crude intelligence had invested it.—*Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

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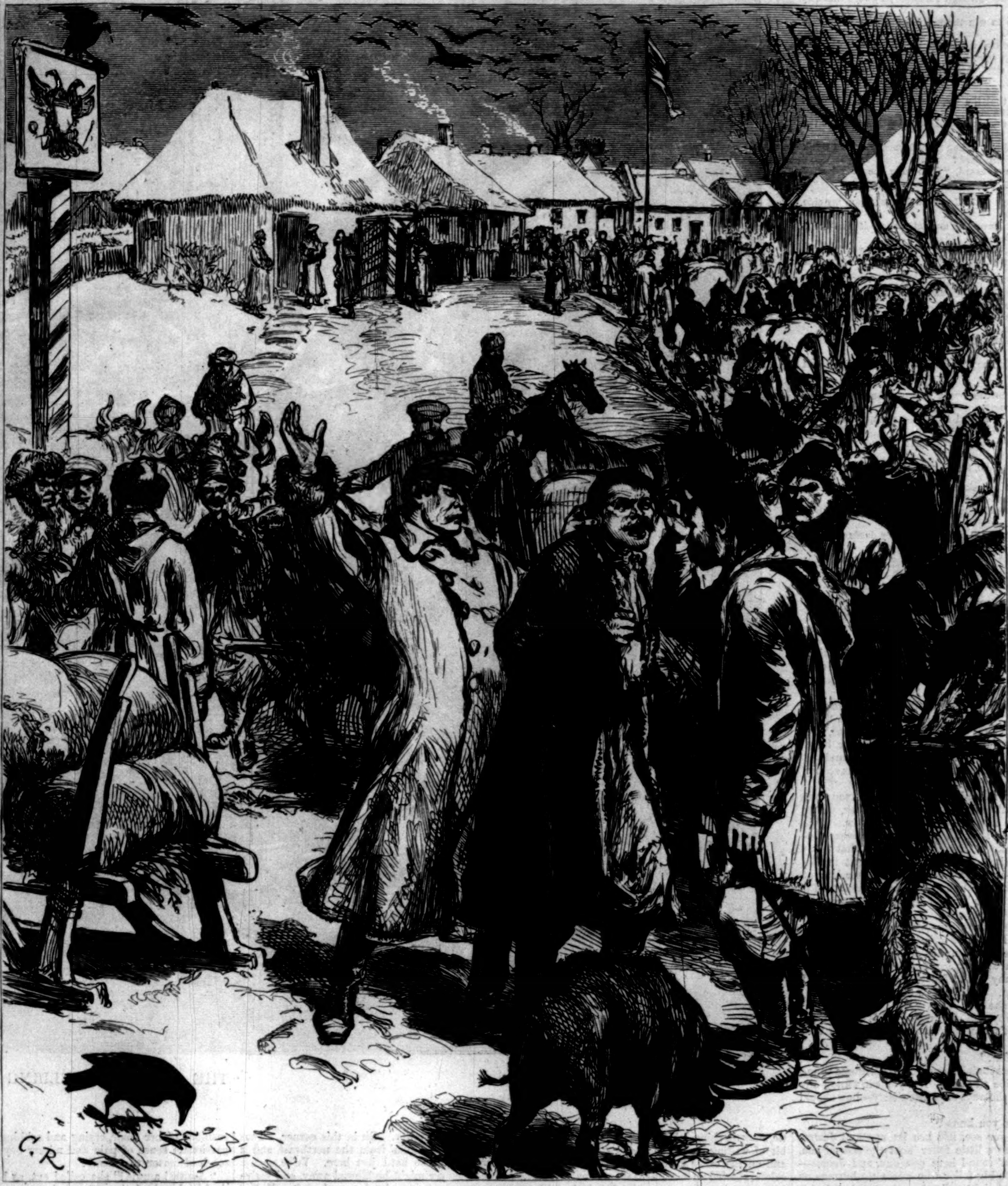
WAR PREPARATIONS IN RUSSIA.

While negotiations are still going on at Constantinople which may succeed in preserving peace between Turkey and Russia, although grave doubts of such a settlement are felt in well-informed circles, there is no abatement of the military preparations in the latter country. Efforts to place the vast military forces of the Czar on an efficient war footing are pressed forward with extraordinary vigor, and with all the rigor of an unyielding military despotism. The engraving on this page shows the scene in the rustic market-place of a small village where the government officers took advantage of the peasantry coming in from all parts of the country to press into the transport service all the wagons and horses required for the conveyance of warlike stores to the frontier. The brutal character of the Russian officers is vividly expressed in the sketch. Peasants who were inclined to resist were knocked and cuffed into compliance, as if they were animals instead of men.

It has been reported that the defiant attitude assumed by Turkey was partly the result of discovering that the military strength of Russia is not so great as had been supposed. In connection with this report the following statements, condensed from a long article on the Russian army published a few months since in the Madgeburg *Gazette*, will be read with interest. The writer comes to the conclusion that the introduction of universal liability to military service in Russia has proved far less effective for the purpose of increasing the forces of the empire than was expected. Instead, he says, of the army of 2,500,000 which it was thought would ultimately be produced by the new scheme, it has now become evident that the largest force Russia can dispose of on a peace footing is 30,000 officers and 730,000 men, and on a war footing, 40,000 officers and 1,200,000 men. According to the official reports, the number of men in European Russia who were liable to military service in the year 1874 was 707,000. Of those, 150,000 were to form the contingent for 1875. The number actually raised, however, was 145,000. Only three and one-half per cent. of the total number of those liable did not present themselves before the authorities; but it has been found by experience that it is impossible strictly to carry out the new law, and that in any case not more than two hundred thousand men can be raised yearly. "It should also not be forgotten," adds the writer, "that notwithstanding the considerable progress which has been made in organization and equipment, the enormous distances, and often very defective means of communication, present very formidable difficulties to the concentration of a large force at any given point. It is further to be considered that a great portion of the local troops in the interior of Russia will have to be retained there, and that the Russian soldier leaves a great deal to be desired both as regards morality and intelligence. The reforms of the Emperor Alexander are no doubt constantly developing themselves, and tend to satisfy the requirements of modern army organization; but this object is as yet far from being attained. Though the field army is being gradually completed by a partial reorganization of the infantry and an entire reconstruction of the cavalry and horse artillery, much time must elapse before it can be pronounced fit for action. The reconstruction of the field artillery has not yet begun, and the reserve system is as yet only in its infancy. In a word, the Russian army is in a state of transition, and many years will probably elapse before it can be made so efficient as to be equal to the armies of the other European states in discipline, tactical development, organization, and equipment."

The incompleteness of Russia's military preparations is not her only source of weakness. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who commands the Army of the Danube, was always reputed to be the most stupid and dull of all the princes of the imperial house. He is the third son of the Czar Nicholas, and, as his father was, he is a stanch disciplinarian, endowed with an obstinate, despotic will, a hater of every form of liberalism and progress, and a drill-sergeant to the backbone. His rise in the army has been owing entirely to the right of seniority. His brother Constantine would have had priority over him if the former had not been brought up as a sailor and a statesman, and placed at the head of the Marine and of the Council of State. His brothers always made fun of him at court, and spread the most uncomplimentary stories about him. Even Alexander himself, before he became emperor, could not resist the impulse to play jokes on his stupid brother. His marriage with his plain and unattractive second cousin, the Princess of Oldenburg, into which he was forced by his father, was a source of great vexation to the Grand Duke. He was then a handsome man, twenty-five years of age, and the presence of a little red-haired, red-faced, plain-looking woman by his side did certainly not contribute to increase his prestige. For a few years the Grand Duke tried, however, to make the best of this match. He had two sons born to him, purchased large farms in the vicinity of the capital, and gave all his spare time to cattle and poultry, the breeding of which was always a favorite pursuit of his wife and of all the members of the Oldenburg family. These domestic occupations rendered him still more ridiculous in the eyes of the Russian aristocracy.

The Grand Duke probably owes his present appointment to the same cause that raised him to his other military positions. He has it by right of being the senior military prince of the empire. A good disciplinarian, and now probably an experienced military administrator, he has never had a chance to show any ability as a general, for although already a man of forty-five years of age, he has never been under fire. He is, however, well supported by his chief of staff, General Nepokoytziski, a Pole by birth, who is reputed to be one of the most capable officers of high rank in the Russian army.



WAR PREPARATIONS IN RUSSIA—IMPRESSING WAGONS AND HORSES FOR ARMY TRANSPORT.

THE STORY OF THE SWORD.

The story of the sword, my lad? This keen and trusty blade
Was hallowed by Saint Louis' hand, who led the last Crusade;
'Twas made of true Damascus steel by one of Arab blood,
Who gazed upon the murderous thing, and then pronounced it good.

Whence came I by this ancient blade? The tale is shortly told:
I stood beside my door one day; a monk, weak-limbed and old,
Came tottering past. Upon my step this heavy sword he laid;
"My strength is well-nigh spent," he cried. "Ho! armorer, guard this blade.

"I bore it once through Palestine; I swore this very sword
Should help to win the sepulchre of our Most Holy Lord;
But once, when many a Paynim heart had fallen 'neath its blows,
The while I slept at dead of night a wondrous vision rose.

"I fancied that the hands were pierced; I thought within His side
I yet could see the healed wound whence flowed the crimson tide.
A voice cried out, 'Thou murderous monk, dost think to serve thy Lord?
Hast thou not heard, "Who take the sword shall perish by the sword?"'

"Then all was still. In dread I rose; upon my side 'twas laid.
I could not leave the ancient sword—it was Saint Louis' blade;
I bore it on, and, armorer, I leave it in your care:
Just yonder rise gray convent walls, and I shall perish there.

"Take thou the sword, and guard it well, and keep its lustre bright;
It yet may serve, in other hands, the cause of truth and right;
But not in hands like mine, to peace and holy calling vowed:
For this my crime was I rebuked, my haughty spirit bowed."

And so I keep the sword in trust; but when some valiant youth,
Whose hand is skilled in use of arms, whose heart is sworn to truth,
Hailed victor at the tournament and on the battle-field,
Shall ask it of me, to his care this relic I will yield.

Thou com'st to ask me for the hand of this fair-favored maid—
Go, show thyself the worthiest to wear this trusty blade;
Then come to me, a manly knight, by deeds of valor tried,
And from the armorer's keeping claim at once the sword and bride.

"A HARD WINTER."

"Lawks-a-mussy, Joe! don't it look nice in there?"

"Yes; but it's awful cold out here. Injun summer they calls this time o' year, but I don't see no summer 'bout it. Did yer ever know such a wind?"

"Ain't it summer in there, though?—see the big fire they got. Do yer s'pose them folks in there is ever cold like we? I'm very cold, Joe," he added, mournfully, as the chill November blast swept round the corner from the Avenue, and the biting dampness made its way through his scanty clothing.

"Wa'al, it is hard on a little chap like you; but don't cry; it's goin' to be a hard winter, young un, and yer mustn't begin to fret now. This ain't nothin'; stop till it snows and freezes before yer make a fuss. We'll go up that there stoop opposite—there ain't no draught in the westibule—and then we can get a better look at the fire, and see what the swells is a-doin'. I'll tell yer all 'bout 'em. Bless yer, I knows the fam'ly."

"Does they know you, Joe?"

"Wa'al, I wouldn't like to say that for certain. Yer see, there ain't nothin' werry perticklar 'bout my pussonal appearance, and they mightn't know me from any other feller 'bout my size, but I knows them. Fust, there's the old lady—"

"Who's she?"

"She! why, she ain't nobody. It's the young 'oman what's the hull concern. She lives with her."

"What for?"

"Why, cos it ain't proper for a harnsome young woman to live all alone. But you can't know any thing 'bout the ways of perlite s'ciety—how should yer?"

"How do you know?"

"Wa'al, yer see, life has its ups and downs. When I was a little feller 'bout the size of you, I was loafin' round here one day, and Jeems—Jeems is the big feller who wears tin buttons on his coat and tight yeller breeches tucked inside his shiny boot-legs: yer'll see him round somewheres in a minute or two if yer watch—Jeems wanted a letter put in the box on the lamp-post for his missus. Fellers like him don't like movin' round much; they gits so accustomed to takin' their exercise ridin' on the kerridge 'longside the driver, and they grows so fat and lazy, that when they is sent on an errand afoot it's an awful trial to 'em. When he comes out with the letter he catches sight of me, and axes me if I was a lad as could be trusted, and would I like to earn an honest penny. I ses 'yes,' and he guvs me the letter. 'It's werry important,' says Jeems. 'It's from my young missus, Miss Maud Congdon, to the Rev. Howard Langly; it's as how he's to dine with her next Monday, and you mustn't on no account lose it.' So I takes it werry careful. You never seen a letter like that, young un—sech a little, smooth, shiny, white thing, with the least little bit of writing on one side and a postage stamp, and on the other a lot of big letters all sorts of colors, snarled up in a tangle till yer couldn't make 'em out what they was, only they looked like a little bokay printed right in the middle. And then how it smelt!—just like them nosegays you see the gals a-sellin' on the corners of Broadway. I was awful 'fraid I'd sile it, cos my fingers never is clean, there bein' no conweniences for gittin' 'em so where I live; but I took hold of it by the corner and got it into the lamp-post box without a bit of a smudge."

"Who else did yer know?"

"The cook took a fancy to me, and many's the breakfast I eat sittin' on a bench in the back yard. They used to give me the dramsticks off the fowls; there ain't nobody in that house would eat drumsticks—Lor' bless you, no; second j'ints was what they wanted—but I liked the drumsticks."

"Oh, Joe, wouldn't one go good now?"

"Don't be unreasonable, young un. Times now is too hard for people in your sarcumstances to hanker after poultry. Git in this corner. That theer wind is comin' from the northeast, and it won't hit yer so hard jest here. Ye're sech a little feller yer might be blowed away, and yer've got a mar to fret about yer—I ain't. Hullo! there's a cove goin' to stop at that house yonder. Wonder would he like a feller to hold his hoss? Think I'll ask him. It don't do to let an opportunity slip such times as these. Look out and don't freeze, young un—there's a good time comin'."

So Joe swung himself off the stoop, and little Jemmy, left all alone, strained his eyes more wistfully than ever to catch the gleam of the fire that warmed Miss Maud Congdon's elegant breakfast-room.

Bonnie, beautiful Maud! What would envious little Jemmy have thought if he could have seen the lovely mistress of that wonderful great house, with all its stately grandeur and luxurious elegance, as she lay, not fifty yards away from him—only a street and a massive stone wall separating them—her sunny head buried in the soft blue cushions of her chair, crying and sobbing with a passionate sense of pain and misery beyond the reach of reason to control?

"Auntie! auntie!" she called out, as her gentle friend and relative entered the room.

"My child, what is the matter? Have you seen Howard again?"

The only answer was a low moaning cry, as the sobbing girl wound her arms round her faithful friend, and buried her face in the gentle bosom that had sheltered her so often.

"Where did you meet him?"

"Last night, at Mrs. Stevens's, where we went after the opera. He only came in for a moment. I was dancing at the time. He gave me one look as I passed him, but there was something in his eyes so kind and gentle that all my old love for him came back with redoubled power, and such a sense of misery poured itself upon my soul that I wondered why God so formed His creatures that they can endure such torture and still live. Oh, auntie! did he ever love me?"

"No, darling, I do not think he ever did. He certainly admired you—as who does not?—and

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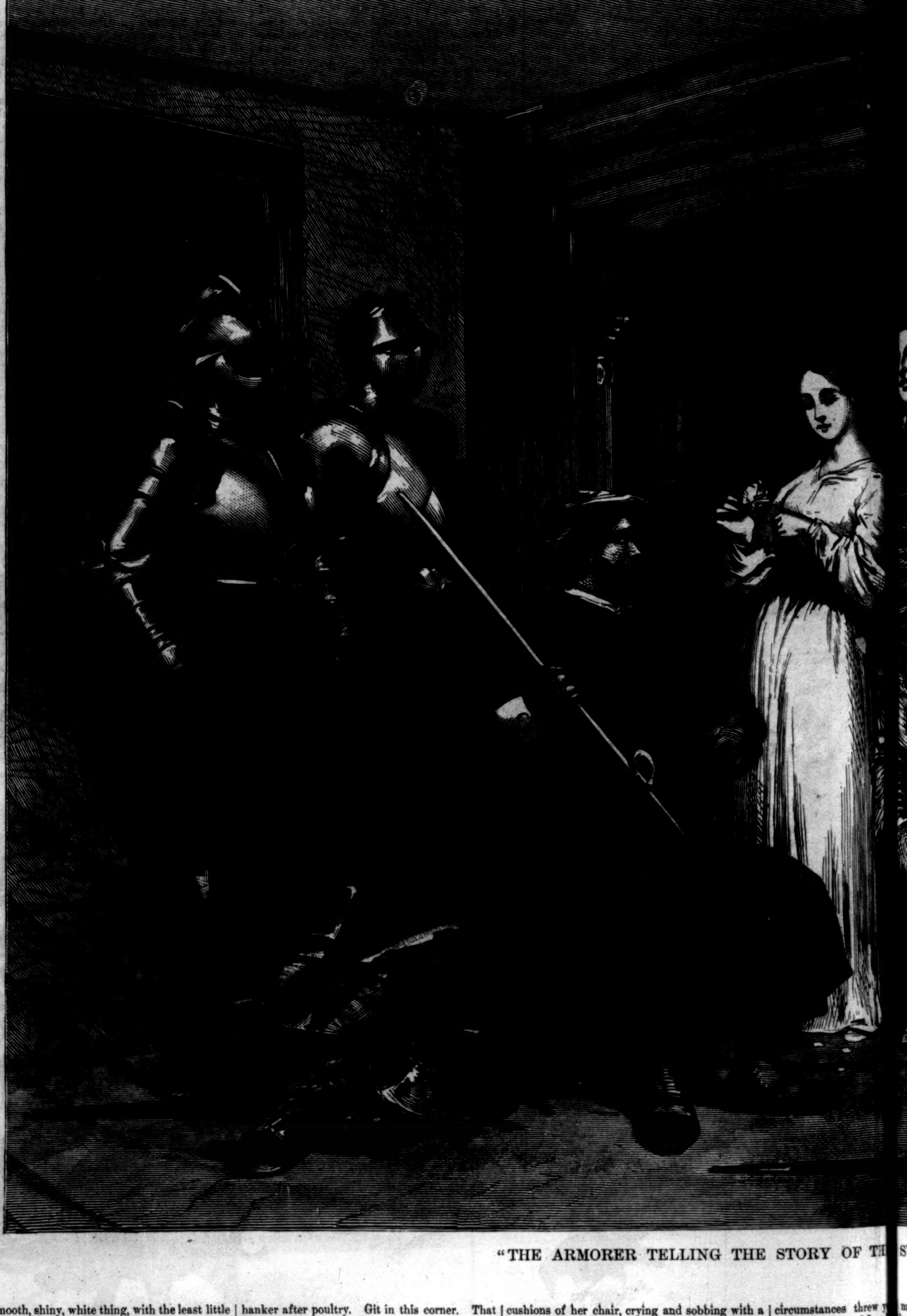

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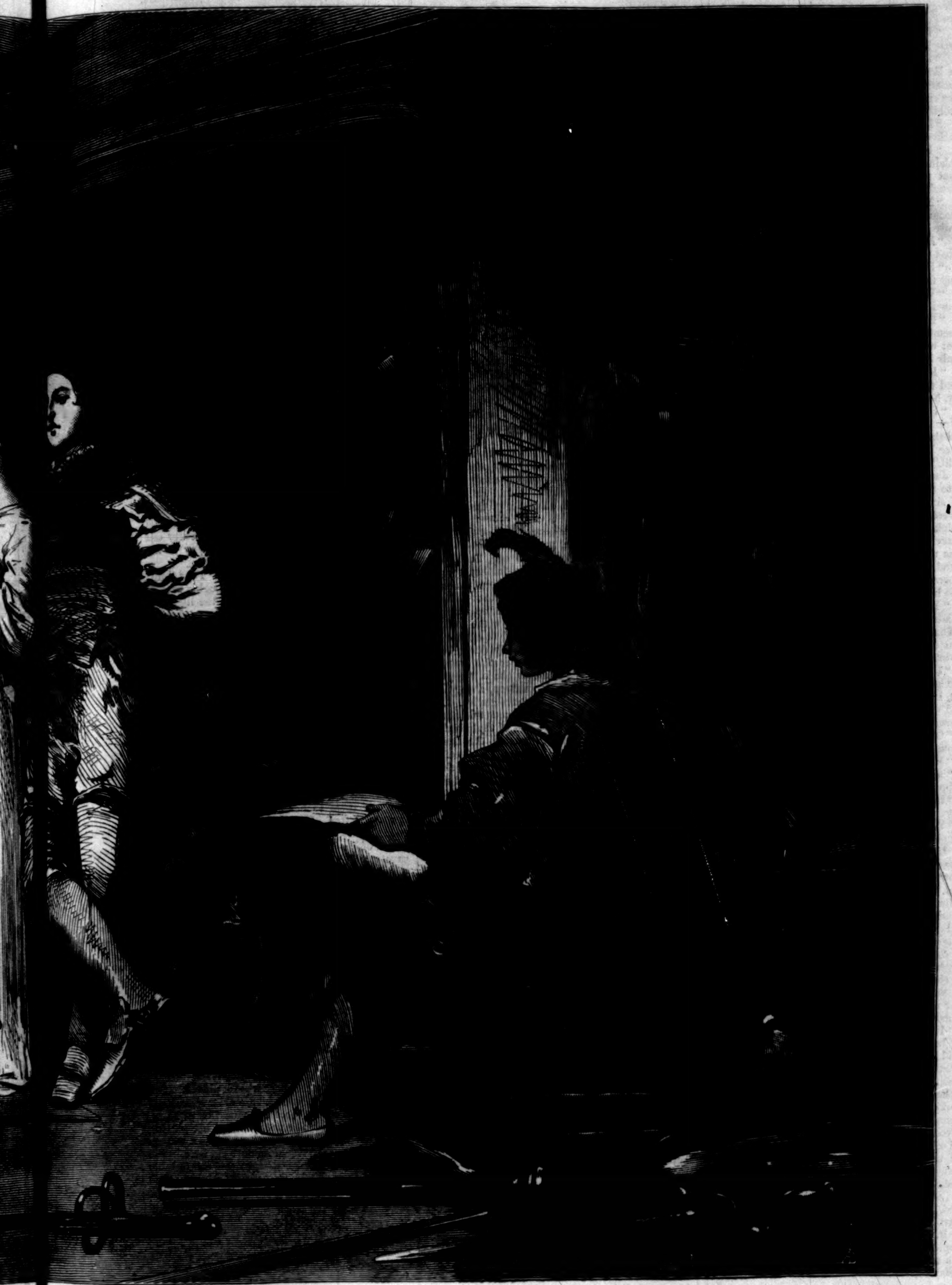

F TH SWORD."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY G. CATTERMOLE.]

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tricks and artifice to win his love. Would you have me emulate the admiring spinsters of his congregation, undertake district visiting, seek interviews with him in his vestry-room, follow him about among the poor, and surfeit him with a mawkish sentimentality under the cloak of charity and religion? Oh, no, no; I can not do that. But how can I live without him?"

"Oh, Maud, how wrong, how wicked you are! How little you understand life, with all its responsibilities, its demands for patience, self-sacrifice, and unselfishness! Can you never learn to look beyond yourself, to shake off this terrible egotism that pervades your whole existence, and in endeavoring to understand and ameliorate the woes of others, find a medicine for your own? Lift up your head now, darling, and look out of the window. Do you see that poor little shivering boy who is shrinking behind the shelter of that opposite door-post, and looking so wistfully over here? Let us call him in, and listen to his story, and try to help him. It is what Howard would do."

"Call in your ragged boy, auntie, if you will. Is there more pain in cold and hunger, think you, than I am suffering now?"

In a few minutes Jemmy was standing in the midst of the beautiful room, gazing first into the brilliant depths of the wonderful sea-coal fire, and then at the bright loveliness of its youthful owner. The little street Arab was bewildered by the warmth and luxury into which he had been so suddenly drawn, and irresistibly attracted by the beauty of Maud, as she asked his name in her soft, low voice.

Then he went over to where she sat looking at him, and laying his hand very gently on her delicate dress, he said, looking earnestly into her eyes, "Is you got any little boys?"

Maud repressed an involuntary shrinking as the dirty little paw was laid upon her knee; but as she saw the piteous look in his eyes, the tears came into her own, and she answered him very gently, "No, Jemmy; why?"

"Cos they'd be so happy;" and a great sigh broke from the quivering lips of the wretched little fellow.

"Auntie," said Maud, "I think I would like to kiss him if he were only clean."

"Well, Maud, have him washed. Jemmy, would you like to be washed?"

"I'd ruther not," said Jemmy, with a frightened look.

"Why not, you dirty boy?"

"We isn't used to it, yer see, down where I lives. They does it to us sometimes at the 'House of Industry.' They killed a little feller that way last week down there. It's werry cold, bein' washed, and it's so nice here!" and the tears began to roll down Jemmy's cheeks. The prospect of being washed appalled his very soul; but when he looked at his dirty hands and soiled clothing, and at Maud's sweet countenance as it bent over him, he reconsidered the matter, and said, "If I'll be washed, will you kiss me?"

"Yes, indeed, Jemmy," replied Maud; "and we will have no cold water either. Would you like to be my little boy, you poor little thing?"

Maud's heart was melting toward Jemmy very fast, and when she saw the radiant expression that illuminated his face at her suggestion, she forgot her weariness, pain, and passion for the moment in the happiness of the friendless little boy.

"May I, missus—really—really?"

Poor little Jemmy could hardly bring himself to believe that any thing so wonderful could really happen.

"Really and truly," repeated Maud, smiling down upon him. "And if you will go now and be washed, I will go home with you and ask if I may have you. Who owns you, Jemmy?"

"Only mar, and she's got six of us."

"And can spare one easily," laughed Maud.

An hour afterward Jemmy and Maud made their way down Broadway, through Worth Street to Baxter. Oh, the nauseous smells, the sickening sights and sounds, the loathsome horror, of the place! Jemmy led her into one of the rickety old tenements, and in the highest story she found a wretched family huddled together in one room, and a haggard, sickly woman came forward, whom Jemmy called "mar." The bargain was soon concluded, the hopeless mother only too glad to accept the kindness offered to her child, for whom she could do so little.

As Maud turned away and commenced the descent of the dingy staircase, a tall figure in close-fitting clerical uniform blocked the way, and looking up, she saw the strong, quiet features and beautiful eyes of Howard Langly.

"Maud, what brought you here?"

"Please, Sur, she came to git me, and I'm her little boy," explained Jemmy, who dreaded something might interfere with Maud's arrangements regarding his small self.

"Jemmy has told you, Howard. I am proposing to subtract this small fraction from the great sum of human wretchedness;" and she laid her hand gently on the head of the boy. "But what brings you to this part of the city? Your parish is on the west side of the town."

"Yes, but I was sent for this morning by a poor creature here whom I knew formerly. He is lying sick in the room above us, wretched, suffering, and alone. It will be a hard winter for the poor; so many are out of employment, and early as it is, the weather is bitterly cold. We shall have a hard struggle to combat the wretchedness and disease that cold and hunger bring in their train, and great efforts must be made to bring assistance to the poor creatures."

"Could I help you, Howard?"

"Do you really wish to?" And an eager, questioning look came into his eyes, accompanied with a glance of admiration such as he had never bestowed upon her before.

"I will try, if you will tell me how."

"Was it kindness to that poor boy that brought you to Baxter Street to-day, Maud?"

"Yes, Howard," smiled Maud; "it was affection for Jemmy, pure and simple, that sprang into existence upon an acquaintance of half an hour, which made me forsake the sacred precincts of the Avenue and come to Baxter Street to-day. Have I your approval, most reverend Sir."

"God bless you, dear!"

What a wealth of tenderness went into those four words! Then, with a single clasp of the hand, he stepped aside to let her pass, and Maud went on, with Jemmy clinging to her skirts. What had happened to Baxter Street? Whence had come the light that lit up the loathsome tenement until it shone like a palace? what made the filthy sidewalk seem a path through fairy-land? and whence came the glory that gilded the horrible surroundings with such a strange and wonderful beauty? Only Maud saw the illumination, and she thought it came from the light in Howard Langly's eyes.

Thus Jemmy went to live in the Fifth Avenue with Maud, whom he worshiped with all the strength of his grateful little heart. He had a coat now full of bright buttons, like that of the wonderful Jeems, Joe used to tell him about. His principal duty was to open the great doors of the vestibule for the entrance of Miss Congdon's guests. And the one who sought admission oftenest and received the warmest welcome was the Rev. Howard Langly.

Maud's first expedition to Baxter Street was not her last. The barriers of indolence and selfishness that inclosed her heart had been shaken by the appealing touch of Jemmy's little hand, and melted away altogether through the ennobling influence of Howard's grave and earnest teaching.

More and more chilly grew the searching winds, coming steadily from the north; louder were heard the sad stories of privation and suffering among the poor; and cold and grim and bitter, the winter settled down upon the city. Faithfully and earnestly Howard worked day by day, endeavoring to alleviate, so far as lay in his power, the misery he saw around him; and Maud shook herself free of the many claims that society made upon her, to follow him in his wanderings and assist him in his arduous work. Side by side they breasted cold and sleet and snow to carry comfort and consolation to the wretched homes where disease and destitution were holding their horrid carnival. Together they set themselves to work to arrest the progress of the war of destruction waged against their helpless fellow-beings by starvation and sickness, stalking together hand in hand. Many a hungry mouth they fed, many a shivering form they clothed, and many a bitter and despairing heart they cheered and comforted. But to Maud and Howard it seemed as if little had been accomplished by their earnest efforts in comparison with all there was to do, and their hearts were often heavy with the thought when they returned to their homes in the gray twilight, weary with their day's work.

When Maud reached her house at evening after her visits among her poor friends, Jemmy was always waiting at the door ready to receive her, full of eager questions and overwhelming in his loving attentions. Then he would follow her to her room, and after convincing himself that she had every thing about her that could contribute